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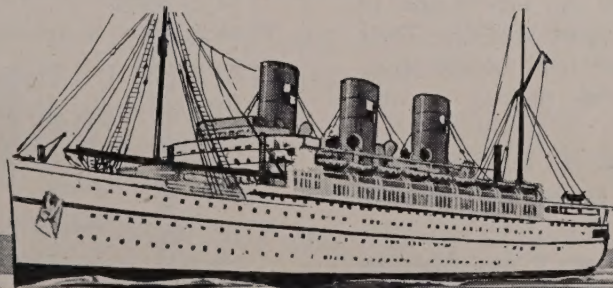
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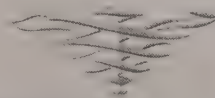
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Editor *Michael Huxley* Executive Editor *Selwyn Powell* Art Editor *Harald Hall*

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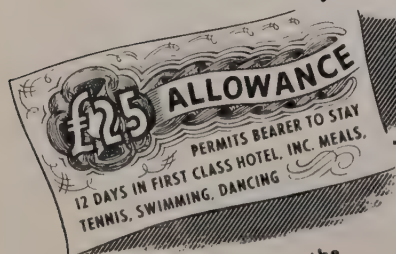
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CHATTO & WINDUS

Literature and the Dorset Landscape

by GEOFFREY GRIGSON

To perceive what writers have drawn from a landscape one must share their point of view. Geoffrey Grigson does this as poet and critic; but, in addition, he possesses an exceptional understanding of the geography relevant to his present theme, displayed in the Wessex and West Country volumes of the About Britain Guides published by Collins under his editorship for the Festival of Britain

DORSET is a peculiar county, but its variations of scene are so marked that they are not difficult to grasp. Suppose you enter from the east by A 354. Along the road from Salisbury you will already have experienced the chalky uplands of Wiltshire, climbing up by Coombe Bissett Down. The road for a mile or two slices off the top of Hampshire; and you enter Dorset where the chalk is already beginning its slope down to the Channel, and where in fact the road meets Bokerly Dyke, a running bank and ditch which for a short length here is the boundary of Hampshire and Dorset. There could not be a better point of introduction. Your road drops to Woodyates Farm and for a while takes the line of a Roman road which pierced south-west into Dorset and north-east to that ancient road-centre of Old Sarum. So Woodyates lies in the angle of the Roman dyke, which was built to prevent the rustling of sheep and cattle, and the Roman highway; and here, though there is nothing to tell you as you go by, General Pitt-Rivers excavated a settlement of Romanized British peasants. Here you pass the modern farm of Woodyates. A tractor may be turning into a gateway dragging a cartload of roots. Here British peasants cultivated their land and grazed their flocks, the tenants perhaps of a Roman imperial estate, a great wool ranch on the chalk spreading over that Cranborne Chase which in the Middle Ages became a Royal Forest.

You enter Dorset, in other words, where the continuity of past and present is pronounced and where Dorset, as in most parts, has the double air of being both open and old.

Stop at the second crossroad after you leave Bokerly Dyke and Woodyates. Go for a while

first north and then south. Going right and north you pass Farnham Museum filled with the finds which Pitt-Rivers made in his superbly extravagant excavations hereabouts in Cranborne Chase. Have a look at the museum and when you get to Tollard Royal look in the church at the memorial to Pitt-Rivers—urn, theodolite, pick and skull—since it commemorates one of the great men of Dorset, who helped to enlarge the bounds of human history. Then go on. Drop off the chalk and climb again to the Dorset town of Shaftesbury 800 feet up on a narrow ridge of greensand. From Bimport in the town you look out and down to a Dorset scene which is altogether different—to the Vale of Blackmore in which the poet William Barnes was born and reared. Formed of low clay it is a green country of elms and meadows merging into blue—Barnes's "blue-hilled plain". Great open views of this kind from the heights over the lowland recur from Shaftesbury westward towards Devonshire. With the chalk behind you, you are in fact looking across most of



A. J. Thornton

the different outcrops of which northern and western Dorset is composed. At the crossroad you were in the centre more or less of the long dry tongue of chalk which dominates the county, and explains A 354, and takes it on through Blandford and through Dorchester, almost to the Devon border. These other outcrops (the greensand as well) wind their way roughly parallel with the chalk until the English Channel cuts across them.

Now back to the crossroad. Back to the tongue of chalk. Turn left and south-east and then south towards Wimborne Minster and Poole Harbour. You are on the seaward slope. The country is open from the first, the by-road is straight and determined, and for miles there is not a house on either side. At last you come to a slow Dorset stream of the kind which has wide patches of water-crowfoot, giving on a fine day one of those contrasts in colour in which William Barnes especially delighted:

... where the crowfoot flow'rs did strew
The sky-tinted water, white on blue.

A turn to the left leads to another scene of that curious, open, gaunt antiquity and sense of continuity you feel so in Dorset—to the Knowlton Rings. These are rings or circles of the kind we know in large at Stonehenge and Avebury, the ritual or sacred rings of a Bronze-Age religion. Inside one of the Knowlton Rings, the continuity is marked by the ruins of a mediaeval church rising out of the brambles and the blackthorn; a melancholy place, shine or grey, and a lonely one.

The brown colour of the church suggests a geological change. Indeed the gently dipping chalk soon disappears under later deposits of sand and gravel and clay. Knowlton church is built in fact from a warmly dark sandstone; and when you have travelled on a few miles you find yourself on the sandy heaths and commons of Dorset, brown and still more melancholy, which are the western part of the filling of that chalk concavity known as the Hampshire Basin. This filling curves eastward around the Solent and Southampton Water to Portsmouth and Selsey Bill, westward within the rim of chalk past Wareham nearly to Dorchester. So you have the low shores of Poole Harbour, heather (and pine and rhododendron nowadays) and heaths which slightly rise and fall and look wild and useless to animal or man—though man exercises his war machines across them.

Dorset of the chalk, the vales, the heath—and then of the coast. The coast from Poole

Harbour westward, as the sea cuts across the formations, is the weirdest of geological and scenic minglings. Chalk, harder limestone, clay and shale, white precipices of chalk again when you pass Lulworth Cove, again the hard limestones making the grey lump of the Isle of Portland, dropping sheer into the water; then the long shingle bar of Chesil Bank and the quiet inland sea of the Fleet, the golden cliffs of sandstone around West Bay, and the loose and crumbly declivities of shale and Lias clay where Dorset peters out to Devonshire and where Mary Anning of Lyme Regis, the "eminent female fossilist", discovered the first fossils of the plesiosaurus and the ichthyosaurus. And in behind Lyme, or more exactly behind Charmouth, there is yet another peculiar landscape formed by the conjunction of the clay Vale of Marshwood and the immense *kopjes* of greensand which block it to the north: Lewesdon Hill, which belongs to the National Trust and goes up to 894 feet, and the bare Pilsdon Pen, thirteen feet higher and so the highest point of all Dorset, and Lambert's Castle Hill.

A double air of being open and old. That is not the whole of Dorset's scenic peculiarity, though it has been important to some of the writers affected by Dorset. A county, after all, is only an arbitrary division of land influenced in some degree by its geological or natural boundaries. Between the chalk and the *kopjes* and the vales and the heaths and the cliffs there are several Dorsets. Even if Dorset is not a county which combines exceptional felicities of scenery, these individual Dorsets, separately and in their frequent conjunctions, are often eccentric or bizarre. Openness and emptiness are accentuated by naked roads, a long barrow, or by Knowlton Rings, or the Cerne Giant, or the swans in the Fleet at Abbotsbury, by an isolated church, farm or manor-house. The greatest roads and busiest railways leave Dorset alone. Sections of the population are up to unusual callings which mark the landscape. Between Corfe and Wareham they dig down through the heath for clay. Portland is a vast, grey, and cold quarry. The Purbeck quarrymen have tunnelled their uplands and their cliffs. So on the scores of temperament and time, it is not a bit surprising that Thomas Hardy was the first writer to absorb the landscape imagery of most of the Dorsets into his work. On the whole Dorset is a county calling to writers who have either a Gothic delight in the odd or a sombre outlook—or both, like Hardy.

Before Hardy, portions of the county work



J. D. Sherr

There are five Dorsets : the Chalk, the Greensand Hills, the Vales, the Heaths and the Coast. Shaftesbury (above) stands "800 feet up on a narrow ridge of greensand" looking over Blackmore Vale where William Barnes the Victorian parson and poet was born. (Below) The western edge of the chalk escarpment from the vale

Fran Muspro



in milder writers, though perhaps one should give a word, first of all, to a great Dorset man, Anthony Ashley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury (1671-1713), who lies buried in the church of Wimborne St Giles, which J. N. Comper exquisitely restored—or refashioned—after a fire. On the wall a figure of Polite Learning mourns the death of her most distinguished Votary, and it was one of his distinctions to be a pioneer of that exaggerated concern for nature which writing and the arts have cherished now for some two hundred years. There is a link between Shaftesbury the nobleman and Hardy the artisan's son, since in 1709 Shaftesbury made a character in one of his dialogues declare: "I shall no longer resist the passion growing in me for things of a natural kind; where neither art nor the conceit or caprice of man has spoiled their genuine order by breaking in upon that primitive state. Even the rude rocks, the mossy caverns, the irregular unwrought grottoes and broken falls of water, with all the horrid graces of the wilderness itself, as representing Nature more, will be the more engaging, and appear with a magnificence

beyond the formal mockery of princely gardens." Two centuries go by and Hardy attaches himself to the horrid graces of the Dorset wilderness. But Lord Shaftesbury was thinking as he wrote more of the horrid graces of the Alps and of the Italian wilderness than of the melancholy country around his mansion at Wimborne St Giles or the brown heaths a few miles south or the rude rocks of Portland or St Aldhelm's Head.

Milder Dorset writers to mention before Hardy are the two poets William Crowe (1745-1829) and William Barnes (1800-86)—Crowe because he wrote a once celebrated poem on Lewesdon Hill. For a time Crowe was rector of Stoke Abbot, and if you go into his church deep in a valley below Lewesdon you will find him suitably commemorated by a tablet in the porch. A hundred country parsons wrote topographical poems in the 18th century, a score wrote poems on hills and prospects from hills. Crowe's poem about Lewesdon (1788) is neither better nor worse than most of them, though it shows very well one of the earlier ways of using or feeling landscape. Crowe was a scholar and the public orator at Oxford,

"The pleasant vale of Marshwood", the second of Dorset's vales, in the extreme west on the Devon border, is fringed by a line of tall greensand kopjes. Pilsdon Pen (909 feet up and the highest point in the county), to the left on the skyline, and Lewesdon Hill, to the right, are two of them

ean Musbratt





The Stour "wiggles . . . to the sea through a gap in the chalk between Sturminster and Blandford" : the river at Durweston, in the gap. Upstream it winds among the primroses and cowslips of the Vale of Blackmore, the "low-lying pastoral Dorset bounded by blue hills" that Barnes wrote about

poetry for him was sententious and landscape a vehicle for moral ideas of no great depth. He would climb from his thatched rectory to "Lewesdon's airy top" and meditate on the goodness of nature and upon its lessons. Lewesdon changed its garb from summer to autumn, winter to spring. Crowe thought about transience and eternity, vanity and simplicity, the crowd and pastoral isolation. Any hill would have done, but Lewesdon was handy. In mid-flight he allows himself a little pleasant description:

From this proud eminence on all sides round
Th'unbroken prospect opens to my view,
On all sides large; save only where the head
Of Pillesdon rises, Pillesdon's lofty Pen:
So call (still rendering to his ancient name
Observance due) that rival Height south-west,
Which, like a rampire, bounds the vale beneath.
There woods, there blooming orchards, there
are seen

Herd's ranging, or at rest beneath the shade
Of some wide-branching oak; there goodly fields
Of corn, and verdant pasture, whence the kine,

Returning with their milky treasure home,
Store the rich dairy; such fair plenty fills
The pleasant vale of Marshwood, pleasant now,
Since that the Spring hath deck'd anew the
meads
With flowery vesture, and the warmer sun
Their foggy moistness drained . . .

The Vale of Evesham and the Vale of the
White Horse are no lovelier than

This fertile vale, in length from Lewesdon's base
Extended to the sea, and water'd well
By many a rill; but chief with thy clear stream,
Thou nameless Rivulet, who, from the side
Of Lewesdon softly welling forth, doth trip
Adown the valley, wandering sportively—

And the little stream goes along untainted
with the commerce of the world,

Then falls into the ravenous sea, as pure
As when it issued from its native hill.

A poem of low pressure, but as Coleridge
found, enjoying it as a young man, innocent
and, as the times went, fresh in language.
Wordsworth, though he lived for a while at

Racedown, under Pilsdon Pen, nowhere describes the surrounding peculiarities of this powerful landscape.

Barnes is a Victorian word-painter without Victorian doubts, Dorset for him—or his part of Dorset—was the world, and the world and nature were still good. “I, the son of John and Grace Barnes”, some manuscript notes on his life begin, “was born at Rush-hay, a farming at Bagber in the Parish of Sturminster Newton in the Vale of Blackmore.” He grew up in low, watery ground through which slow streams wriggle off to the Stour, which itself wriggles south-east to the sea through a gap in the chalk between Sturminster and Blandford. The chalk escarpment of Cranborne Chase runs high to the east. South are the chalk heights of Bell Hill, Okeford Hill, Ibberton Hill and Bulbarrow. Gerard Manley Hopkins said that Barnes was like an “incarnation or man muse of the country, of Dorset, of rustic life and humanity”. It was as if “Dorset life and Dorset landscape had taken flesh and tongue in the man”. But Barnes’s Dorset was only one of the Dorsets, this low-lying pastoral Dorset bounded by blue hills. If he moralizes about it like Crowe, unlike Crowe he feels it deeply and is lyrical about everything it contains, mills and streams and trees and flowers

... on the hillock where I lay
At rest on some bright holiday;
When short noon-shadows lay below
The thorn in blossom white as snow;
And warm air bent the glist’ning tops
Of bushes in the lowland copse,
Before the blue hills swelling high
And far against the southern sky.

I knew you young and love you now,
O shining grass and shady bough!

Limited to his own Dorset, he has no interest in the sea twenty miles south, since the sea and the cliffs are symbols of danger, disturbance and uncertainty. He is not at all sure that he wants to climb onto the chalk or have anything to do with the Dorset heathland:

Though downs mid shew a wider view
O’ green a-reachen into blue,
Then roads a-winden in the glen,
An’ ringen wi’ the sounds o’ men;
The thistle’s crown o’ red an’ blue
In Fall’s cworld dew do wither brown,
An’ larks come down ’ithin the lew,
As storms do brew, an’ skies do frown—
And though the down do let us free,
The lowland trees be company.

As for the heath:

At John’s, up on Sandhills, ’tis healthy and dry,
Though I may not like it, it may be—not I.

Where fir-trees are spindling, with tapering
tops,
From leafy-leav’d fern in the cold stunted copse,
And under keen gorsebrakes, all yellow in
bloom,
The skylark’s brown nest is deep-hidden in
gloom;
And high on the cliff, where no foot ever wore
A path to the threshold, ’s the sandmartin’s
door,
On waterless heights, while the winds lowly sigh,
On tree-climbing ivy, before the blue sky.

I think I could hardly like his place as well
As my own shelter’d home in the timberly dell,
Where rooks come to build in the high-swaying
boughs,
And broadheaded oaks yield a shade for the
cows;
Where grey-headed withy-trees lean o’er the
brook
Of grey-lighted waters that whirl by the nook,
And only the girls and the swans are in white,
Like snow on grey moss in the midwinter’s light,
And wind softly drives, with a low rustling
sound,

By waves on the water and grass on the ground.

Literature is not a sentimental embroidery on place, though place may affect it, and probably we have heard too much of “Thomas Hardy’s Wessex” and too little of the essence of Thomas Hardy’s writing. Still, even if you have an aversion to the birthplaces of poets and novelists and to literary ‘shrines’, there is something to be said for visiting the cottage where Hardy was born in 1840 at Higher Bockhampton, not far outside Dorchester. It is an isolated cottage at the far end of an isolated hamlet on the edge of the heathland, reached by a narrow, sharp and gravelly lane. In Barnes’s pastoral paradise there are no serpents. Hardy’s mother once came back to the cottage to find an adder curled up on top of the child sleeping in his cradle. Hardy wrote of his home that the hills and the sky were in front and that

Behind, the scene is wilder. Heath and furze
Are everything that seems to grow and thrive
Upon the uneven ground. A stunted thorn
Stands here and there, indeed; and from a pit
An oak uprises, springing from a seed
Dropped by some bird a hundred years ago . . .

Our house stood quite alone, and those tall firs
and beeches were not planted. Snakes and efts
Swarmed in the summer days, and nightly bats
Would fly about our bedrooms. Heathcroppers
Lived on the hills, and were our only friends;
So wild it was when we first settled here.

These lines come out of Hardy’s earliest surviving poem written when he was between seventeen and twenty; and though nature seemed benign enough to him when he was



The

Hardy's first Dorset was that of the heaths, "majestic without severity"; but his Dorsets also included the hills, each topped by an ancient earthwork: places for "thinking, dreaming, dying on". In such places, especially, Dorset demonstrates its "double air of being both open and old". (Above) Bloxworth Heath, north of Wareham and only a few miles from where Hardy was born, seems haunted, even if now it is only by rare butterflies and moths. (Right) Stone-Age Britons, Celts and Romans in turn used Badbury Rings as a fort. It too seems haunted and ravens nest in the wood within the camp. Badbury is on the southern edge of the chalk, near Wimborne Minster



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The fifth Dorset, of the coast, is infinitely varied. (Above) Looking towards Abbotsbury and the mysterious reach of shingle, Chesil Bank, that stretches for sixteen miles to Portland. Behind it is the inland sea called the Fleet. (Below) The tiny, landlocked cove at Lulworth, almost encircled by the limestone cliffs

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The cliffs of Dorset are of chalk, limestone, clay and shale, gleaming white, forbidding grey, or towards the west of golden sandstone in horizontal bands. These are the golden cliffs, at West Bay by the rope-making town of Bridport. Inland are small, steep hills, then comes Marshwood Vale

inventing his earlier novels, it was the heath and furze which possessed him as in the doubts of the last century he developed a gloomier view of life and human destiny. The classic statement is the celebrated opening chapter of *The Return of the Native* celebrating what he called Egdon Heath, dark and brown, "majestic without severity, impressive without showiness, emphatic in its admonitions, grand in its simplicity" and made sublime by "the qualifications which frequently invest the façade of a prison with far more dignity than is found in the façade of a palace".

So it goes on, in novels and in poems:

As evening shaped I found me on a moor
Sight shunned to entertain:
The black lean land, of featureless contour,
Was like a tract in pain.

The stars come out over the heath:

Orion swung southward aslant
Where the starved Egdon pine-trees had
thinned.

And as Hardy felt the sense of oldness in Dorset with its open and gaunt quality, he

is for ever making use of barrows and the Roman past. The Roman road into Dorchester crosses Puddletown Heath just south of the cottage he was born in:

The Roman Road runs straight and bare
As the pale parting-line in hair
Across the heath . . .

It is on the heath, I think, that in another of his poems Hardy imagines the funeral of God. His Dorset, though, is altogether more extensive. With his Gothic taste he takes in more of its peculiarities than any other Dorset writer. He is conscious of the high grounds of Pilsdon Pen or Wynyard's Gap and begins one poem:

There are some heights in Wessex, shaped as if
by a kindly hand
For thinking, dreaming, dying on, and at crises
when I stand
Say, on Ingpen Beacon eastward, or on Wylls-
Neck westwardly
I seem where I was before my birth, and after
my death maybe.

He is also aware of the cliffs and the quarries, particularly of that area south of A 352 from

Wareham to Dorchester where the chalk downs rise upward to the top of the cliffs and conceal the dubiety of the sea without silencing it:

From tides the lofty coastlands screen
Come smittings like the slam of doors.

The Boer War disturbed him into writing *Souls of the Slain*. He had placed himself at the Bill of Portland above the stony ledges and the cliff quarries and the tide race which heaves round fiercely into Weymouth Bay:

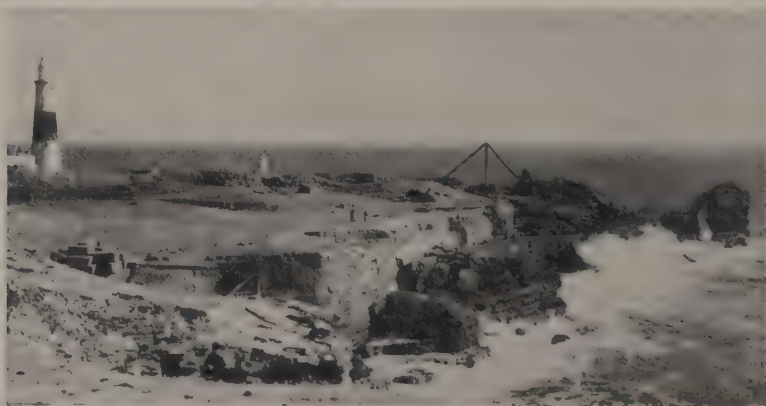
The thick lids of Night closed upon me
Alone at the Bill
Of the Isle by the Race
Many caverned, bald, wrinkled of face—
And with darkness and silence the spirit was
on me
To brood and be still.

No wind fanned the flats of the ocean,
Or promontory sides,
Or the ooze by the strand,
Or the bent-bearded slope of the land,
Whose base took its rest amid everlong motion
Of criss-crossing tides.

The souls of the dead arrive, converse, and end by plunging into the tide-race. Hardy knew and in a way loved the various Dorsets of his poems and novels, but their curious and so often glum and hard features exist separately to the men—and the women—who live among them; they exist in a cold and almost lunar indifference. His Dorsets direct a chilly light onto the human situation. His observation of them feeds his thought. At the most his inanimate landscape was a being which was pensive but dumb, though he could say almost in the same breath that nature had no consciousness, that "An object or mark raised or made by man on a scene

is worth ten times any such formed by unconscious Nature. Hence clouds, mists, and mountains are unimportant beside the wear on a threshold, or the print of a hand"—or, he might have added, one of the Dorset barrows over which he would watch the moon rising. The accident of birth in Higher Bockhampton and by the Dorset of heath, hill and rock fitted the sombreness of his nature in the sombreness of doubt just as the pastoralism of the Blackmore Vale fitted the cheerfulness of Barnes's nature in the certainty that most things were not ill. He makes the landscape ominous. Smooth slopes—yes, but the "hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe" behind them.

There is one excellent story by a friend of Hardy's, John Meade Falkner, which feeds on the Dorset coast, the Fleet, Chesil Bank, the chalk cliffs and the Purbeck quarries, with an admirable appetite for the curious. This is *Moonfleet*, a minor classic of adventure of the school which began with Stevenson and ends with such books as John Masefield's Devonshire story *Jim Davis*. Its account of the old Purbeck stone mines is the best I know, and it is pleasant to see the book included in the solemn bibliography of Dr Arkell's *Geology of the Country round Weymouth, Swanage, Corfe and Lulworth*. Otherwise I do not think any of the Dorset writers since Hardy have used the landscape vitally or successfully, though some have tried. There is a little of the county finely understood in one book and another by writers not affined to a particular locality: Purbeck, for instance, in *Howard's End* by E. M. Forster. But perhaps the direct use of landscape as a protagonist in literature is now wearing out, even if the influence of landscape is inescapable.



C. & S. Kestin

Portland Bill

The Rice Problem in Eastern Asia

by WILLIAM M. CLYDE, C.M.G., Ph.D.

Behind the political problems of the "monsoon coastlands" lies another, herein set forth by the Director of Economic Activities for the United Kingdom's Commissioner-General in South-East Asia. Dr Clyde was Chairman of the Rice Sub-Committee of the International Emergency Food Council and of the Consultative Committee on Rice which first met in Singapore last November

RICE is the most important single foodstuff in the world. "Without rice, nothing prospers" is an old Malayan saying. Before the war, ninety-five per cent of the world's rice was both produced and consumed in Eastern Asia, and dietary surveys have shown that rice alone forms ninety per cent of the complete diet of millions of rice-eaters. For them, rice and food are synonymous terms. If there is no rice, there is no food. It is only partially true to say that if the rice-eater is really hungry he will eat something else. In the Bengal famine people died within sight and touch of foodstuffs other than rice: I saw them dying on the pavements outside shops in which other foodstuffs were plentifully displayed. The average Englishman may find it hard to realize this basic fact about the rice-eater; but if wheat formed ninety per cent of the diet of the average Englishman and were no longer obtainable and he had to subsist almost entirely upon, say, potatoes and turnips, he might feel much as the rice-eater does when deprived of his rice. The age-long struggle for food is, in Eastern Asia where the subsistence level is generally low, a struggle for rice. For the vast majority, rice is far more important than ideologies.

Sociologically, too, it is of immense importance. It has religious significance: it is a sign of plenty, of fruitfulness; its cultivation forms a way of life. Only to a very limited extent is it grown commercially for export. It is mainly a peasant crop, and associated with it in all stages of its cultivation are religious and traditional customs and conventions, some of them very beautiful (there are some lovely paddy songs). Hence the conservatism of the cultivator and the problem that faces governments that are today trying to induce the rice-grower to adopt modern methods of cultivation. He clings to his ancient, primitive and uneconomical methods, and will often refuse to accept even as a gift the fertilizers that are offered him. To interfere with his primitive methods of cultivation

is almost tantamount to interfering with his religion. The difficulty of introducing radical improvements in cultivation is increased by the systems of land-tenure common in Asia where the laws of inheritance are generally not based upon primogeniture. On the death of each owner of a parcel of land, his children each take an equal share of his land.

Furthermore, the whole economy of South-East Asia depends upon rice. Before the war Ceylon and Malaya, for example, concentrated upon producing rubber, tea, tin, copra and other commodities for export, but the export of such large quantities as they were able to export depended mainly upon the importing of plentiful supplies of cheap rice. South-East-Asian rice could be bought for about a penny a pound, and it was plentiful. Today it costs about sixpence or eightpence or even more a pound, and there is not enough to go round. The exports of rice from Burma, Thailand and Indo-China, the sources of the sort of rice for which Ceylon and Malaya continue to have a strong preference, are less than half the pre-war figure.

Economic relations before the war were very close between Malaya on the one hand and Thailand and Burma on the other. India and Ceylon had close trade connections with Burma. Singapore was, and still is, the centre of a large *entrepôt* trade in South-East Asia and one of the main destinations of exports from Thailand. Also, there were close trade connections, strengthened often by family ties, between the Chinese in Bangkok, a powerful influence in the rice trade, and the Chinese in Malaya. Similar connections existed between Chinese firms in Hong Kong and Bangkok. Burma's trade in Asia was mainly with India, though to no small extent also with Ceylon and Malaya.

The main interest that India, Ceylon, Malaya (including Singapore), Hong Kong and the other British Colonial territories had in trading with Burma and Thailand was in



A pattern of trade based on the rice exports of three countries—Burma, Thailand and Indo-China—has become traditional in South-East Asia. Of these, all but Thailand's exports have greatly decreased since 1939. (Left) In the office of a large rice-exporting firm in Bangkok: merchants examining rice samples

*Courtesy of
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Pictorial Press

Keystone Press

(Above) The more tasty ingredients of an Oriental meal are grouped around the rice-bowl. But only certain kinds of rice are normally acceptable; and if there is no rice there is, for countless rice-eaters, no food. (Right) What happens when supplies fail or are withheld and a rice famine results: in the streets of Calcutta a mother and her children lie starving though other food is available



obtaining rice. The trade patterns thus formed have become traditional. During the war, however, they were broken and new sources of supply had to be found, at almost any cost. Egypt and Brazil helped, but valuable as this additional rice was, it was not enough. Other grains in large quantities were also needed to prevent widespread famine. In matters of diet the rice-eater in Asia is perhaps even more conservative than the average Englishman. At first the Ceylonese did not take kindly to the Egyptian and Brazilian rice although, when no other rice was to be had, they might have been expected to have welcomed any rice at all. They were, of course, grateful for it, but there is no denying that at first they found it unpalatable. It differed from the rice to which they had been accustomed for generations. It differed in appearance, in taste, in smell. The gastric juices refused to answer the call of reason. In 1943 Ceylon was a land of disordered stomachs; for, if the new rice was unpalatable compared with the old, wheat flour was even more disturbing in its effects. People had to be taught how to use it. The common method at first was to mix it with water and then fry the resulting paste in a frying-pan.

In time, however, there were fewer complaints about the new rice or even the flour. Bakeries sprang up and bread, if not as popular as rice, became at least tolerable in the circumstances. But it was always clear that rice, when it became plentiful again—and the particular kind of rice, Burma rice, that had been consumed before the war—would again be demanded.

The British territories in South-East Asia that were occupied by the Japanese suffered, of course, in this respect even more than Ceylon and India. For example, Malaya's imports, 698,800 tons in 1939, were cut off in 1941, although some rice continued to find its way across the border from Thailand. The Japanese allowed rice to those whose services were useful to them and allowed little or none to the rest of the population. The period of the Japanese Occupation in Malaya is still referred to as the "Tapioca Age". Tapioca was grown on a vast scale: it thrives even in poor soil and is one of the best drought-resisting crops. It was eaten, not in the processed form of what an Englishman regards as tapioca, but as a tuber, in the form in which potatoes are eaten. Its nutritive value is low, and if it is used as a staple food, it is important that it should be supplemented and balanced with other foods.

Even before the war when rice was cheap

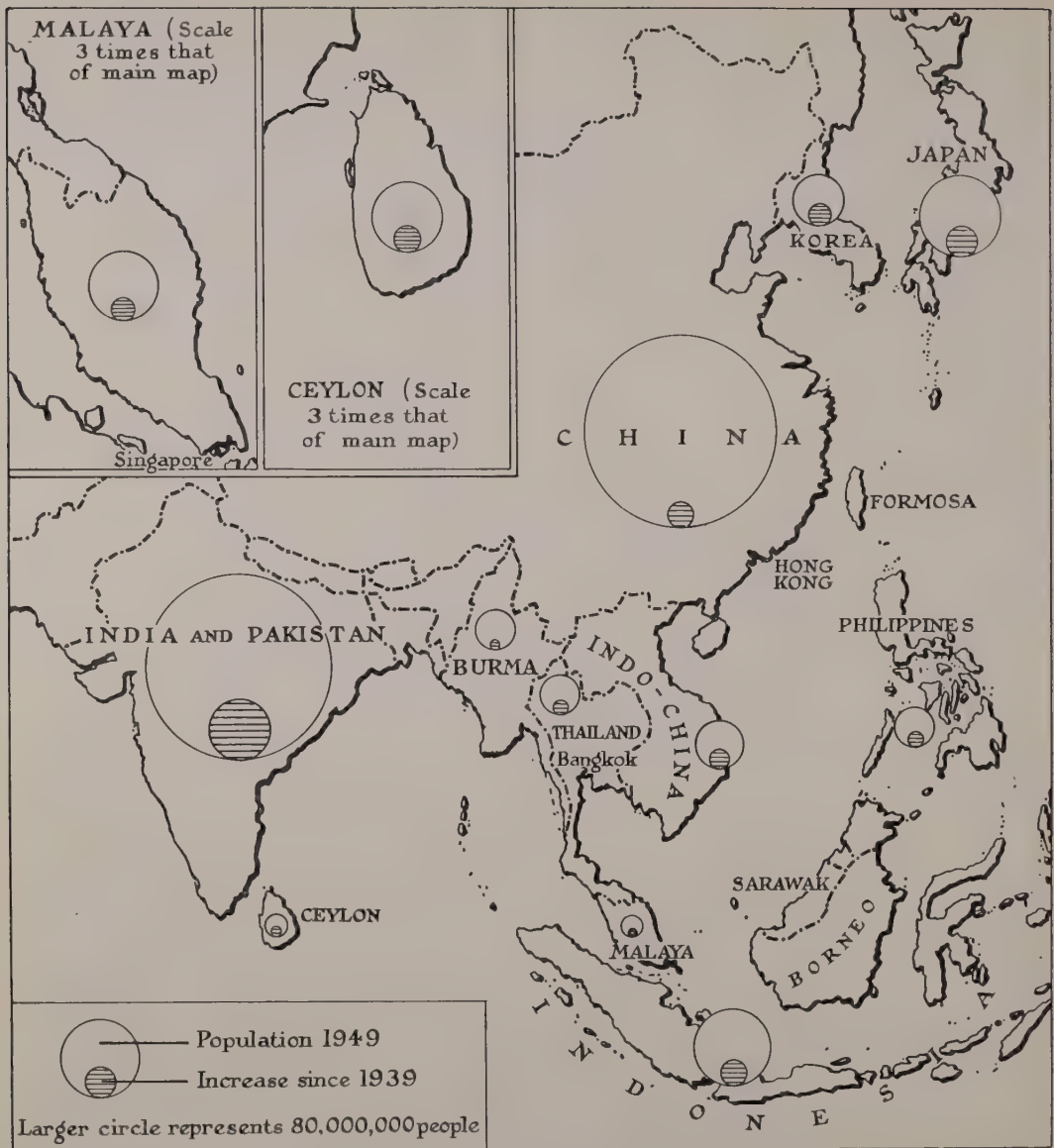
and plentiful, the nutritional level amongst the rice-eating peoples of South-East Asia was low. There was only a small margin of safety in the average diet, so that a small reduction in its nutritive value could quickly bring disease and suffering to vast numbers of people.

When the Occupation ended, malnutrition and under-nutrition were found to be widespread. Beri-beri cases filled the hospitals, yet most of the cases never reached the hospitals; large numbers of dead, victims of starvation, were found every morning in the streets of Hong Kong for months after the Occupation ended. In remote villages in the other British territories 'deficiency diseases' were found to be rampant.

The measure of recovery in the British territories since the war has, however, been considerable. Malaya's rice crop in 1950 was the largest ever recorded in that country and if this increase can be maintained Malaya will have reduced her dependence upon imported rice from roughly sixty-four per cent pre-war to about fifty-four per cent of her total consumption. Similarly, North Borneo and Sarawak are now producing about eighty per cent, compared with about seventy per cent pre-war, of their total consumption.

It is difficult to assess accurately the dependence upon imports, for it should be remembered that the present imports are restricted. If South-East-Asian rice were again plentiful and cheap, imports would certainly increase and it might then appear that the dependence upon imports had not decreased as much as the present figures indicate. Allowance has also to be made for the rate of increase in the population of these territories. All that can be said with confidence is that on their present rations, which though not bountiful are adequate, and with their increased production, these territories have significantly reduced their dependence upon imported rice. This dependence, however, remains considerable, even at the present restricted rate of consumption, which is much below pre-war standards.

Until the end of 1949, rice was subject to international allocation and the International Emergency Food Council (the I.E.F.C.), on which the Governments of both exporting and importing territories were represented, was the body responsible for making the allocations and ensuring that it was fairly apportioned according to the needs of the rice-deficit territories. The allocation system was abandoned at the end of 1949, not because there was no longer any shortage



A. J. Thornton

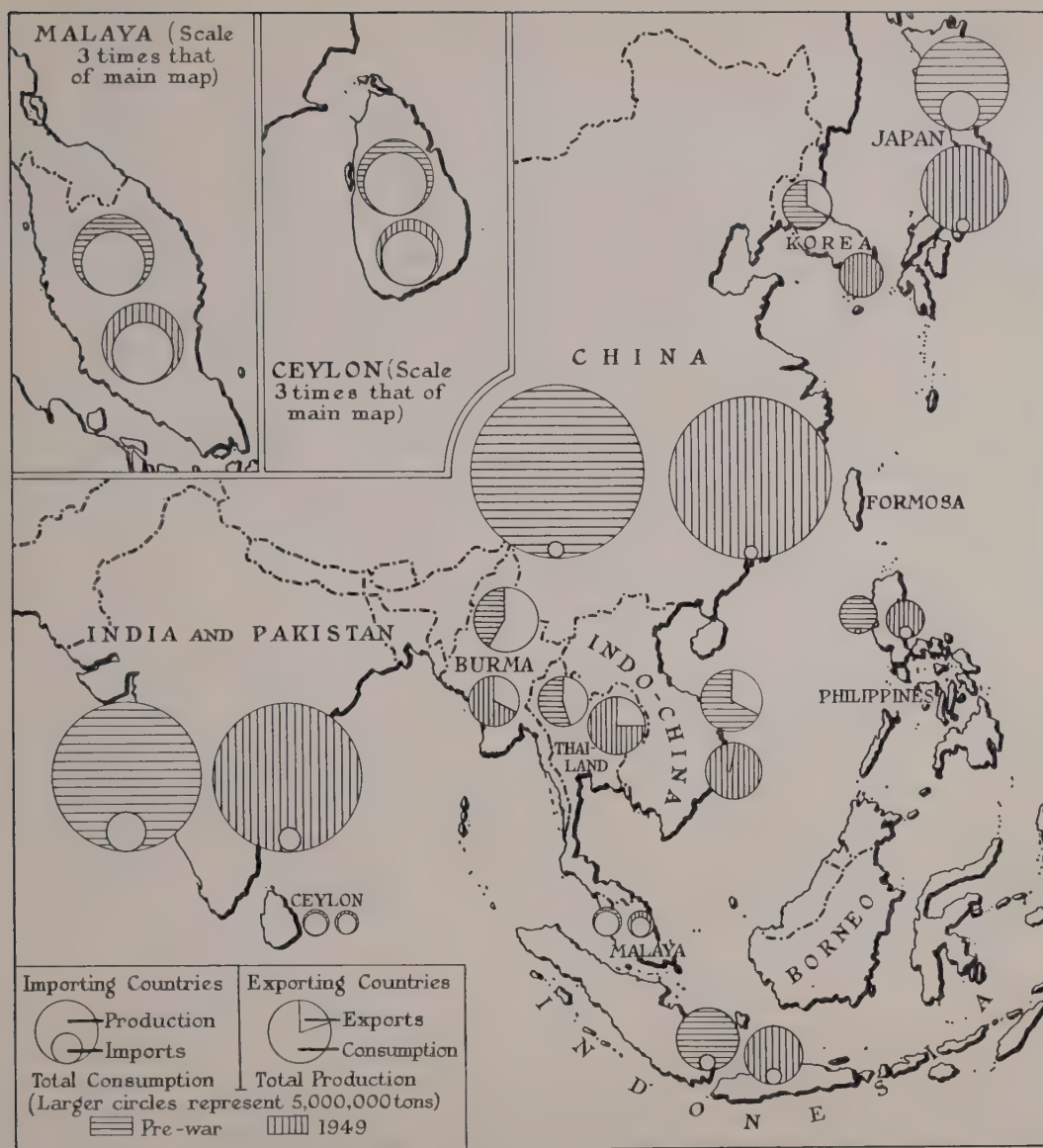
The population of Eastern Asia has increased by about 100,000,000 in the last ten years, whereas—

of rice, but rather because the exporters felt that their own economic needs compelled them to export their rice, not to destinations or in quantities decided by the I.E.F.C. on the basis of the food needs of the importing countries, but to destinations and in quantities to be decided by themselves in the light of their own economic needs.

The Rice Committee of the I.E.F.C. in Washington, with the South-East Asia Sub-Committee in Singapore, provided a most heartening example of international cooperation and goodwill. But, obviously, in 1949 times were changing. Rice, though still far

short of demand, was not quite as scarce as it had been and supplies seemed to be steadily on the increase. Also, Burma and Thailand, in particular, desired to develop their trade with Japan. Japan could supply them with machinery and textiles that they wanted and could, they believed, supply them more quickly than other exporters. In return, Burma and Thailand could supply Japan with rice.

A significant change in the traditional patterns of trade in South-East Asia was thus brought about. How significant it is or how long it will endure remains to be seen. But



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—production of their staple food, rice, is now several million tons less in the region as a whole

it is clearly one of far-reaching importance.

Before the war Japan imported only a negligible quantity of rice from Burma and Thailand, and until the end of 1949 was allocated none by the I.E.F.C. Her applications for an allocation—which of course were presented by the Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers in Japan on her behalf—had been rejected, not because her needs were not recognized, but because the needs of other territories were for various reasons regarded as greater.

But before the war Japan imported almost a fifth of her rice from Formosa and Korea.

Today, with a much larger population, she is unable to import from those countries and has little prospect of being able to do so for a long time to come. Japan's demands for rice from Burma and Thailand are, therefore, unlikely to diminish; and even if her rice requirements could be met from other sources, the desire for trade with Burma and Thailand would make it certain that large quantities of rice would find their way to Japan in return for Japanese goods and capital equipment.

It is clearly advisable in a general survey such as this to present the statistical analysis

of the situation generally and, for ease of apprehension, visually, in map form, where the situation can be seen at a glance, rather than in precise figures, some of which, without considerable annotation, might prove to be misleading. It is indeed a mistake to be too precise about statistics, particularly rice and population statistics, concerning Eastern Asia. Governments, even when their statistical services are highly developed, have great difficulty in obtaining complete and accurate statistics of agricultural production and population. Nevertheless, there are some figures that can be regarded as firm—the figures of export and import—and from these over a period of years, and from other figures in which the margin of error can be estimated, it is possible to obtain a fairly reliable picture of the situation in Eastern Asia. Also, rationing, in those territories where there is rationing, has made it possible to obtain a sufficiently accurate estimate of populations, and in all territories the natural rate of increase in the population can be assessed with reasonable accuracy.

There can be no doubt but that the annual increase in the population of the rice-eating territories in Eastern Asia is one of the most disturbing factors in the food problem. The population has increased by about 100,000,000 in the last ten years. Of course, not all these people are rice-eaters but a great many of them are. If they were all rice-eaters, they would require, roughly, another 16,000,000 tons of rice—and in 1949, the last year for which complete figures are at present available, world exports of rice totalled only 3,600,000. In India alone the population is increasing by about 5,000,000 every year; and in the exporting countries the increase in population is bound to affect the quantity of rice available for export.

It seems at present that the total export of rice from Burma, Thailand and Indo-China, given the most favourable circumstances, is unlikely in 1951 to show any great increase over last year's total. In 1950 the British Colonial territories succeeded in obtaining sufficient rice to maintain their rations, thanks in no small measure to the friendly relations existing between the exporting Governments in South-East Asia and themselves. There was also a desire on both sides to maintain the traditional trade relationships. But there were other reasons, too, for the successful overcoming of the rice problem in 1950. They were (a) a considerable increase in Malaya's own crop, (b) a reduction of over 500,000 tons in India's demand, (c) a considerable reduction in

China's demand, and the continued flow of rice across the border into Hong Kong, and (d) the absence of substantial demands from the Philippines and Europe.

Not all of these favourable conditions will obtain in 1951. Abnormally favourable weather conditions partly account for the bumper crop in Malaya: it is too much to expect they will be repeated in 1951. The earthquake and floods in Northern India have seriously retarded the Indian Government's policy of self-sufficiency in grains. Famine is already threatened, and it is certain that India will require a great deal more rice than in 1950. There is no indication yet of what quantities of rice China may require. Although she is exporting some rice at present, she normally imported about 250,000 tons annually from Thailand and Burma. It is hard to estimate Hong Kong's requirements. Her population figures are liable to considerable fluctuation. Nor is it possible to estimate within narrow limits the requirements of the Philippines, but it is known that the typhoons of 1950 did a great deal of damage to their crops. The demands from Europe and other non-South-East-Asian territories are also difficult to forecast with any confidence. It would be unwise, therefore, to attempt to draw up any precise balance-sheet of supply and demand.

But, clearly, the balance between even the present restricted demands of the South-East-Asian territories and the supplies from South-East-Asian sources remains precarious. Limited supplies from other sources do become available from time to time, but the strong preference in many South-East-Asian territories for South-East-Asian rice and the strong resistance to rice from almost any other source are not easily overcome, though they are by no means insuperable, as the experience of the war years shows.

The plain fact is that any large-scale failure of supplies in the exporting countries, or failure in the indigenous supplies within the deficit territories, any natural disasters, floods, droughts, earthquakes, typhoons, in China, India, Indonesia or elsewhere in Asia, any wide extension of unrest affecting communications and supplies, could rapidly lead to a serious shortage of rice and the spreading of famine conditions. As Mr Malcolm MacDonald, Commissioner-General for the United Kingdom in South-East Asia, said when opening the inaugural meeting of the Consultative Committee on Rice in Singapore in November 1950, "if rice fails, all else fails".

The establishing of this Consultative Com-



All Ektachromes by Horace Bri

In Eastern Asia more than 1,000,000,000 people consume 90,000,000 tons of rice a year, yet every seedling is planted and every grain is harvested by hand. (Above) Terraced rice fields in Java

mittee on Rice is an encouraging sign. When the I.E.F.C. came to an end at the end of 1949, its Sub-Committee for South-East Asia came to an end also. On this Sub-Committee had been represented the Governments of all the rice importing and exporting territories of South-East Asia, and meeting monthly or oftener if necessary they discussed their rice problems, and helped each other to solve immediate difficulties. If one territory for one reason or another asked for a loan of rice, there was always another territory ready to lend the rice. Since the end of 1949, however, there has been no such machinery for consultation and mutual help, and the territories have lost the closeness of touch that they had one with another on this most important subject. A form of isolation developed. In the absence of first-hand contact, rice rumours obtained a currency that they would otherwise not have had. There was a lack of awareness of one another's needs, which

rumour either exaggerated or minimized.

It was in an effort to restore the benefits of first-hand contact that the Commissioner-General, in response to a request expressed by many of the Governments of South-East Asia, established the Consultative Committee on Rice in Singapore in November 1950. The inaugural meeting proved to be a great success. Representatives both of exporting and of importing territories, of the Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers in Japan, and of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations attended. There was a frank exchange of views at the meeting, statements of requirements, a pooling of knowledge, a readiness to appreciate the difficulties in other territories. The spirit of cooperation was revived. The Committee proposed to meet periodically and to reassemble at any time if the turn of events should make this desirable. (A second meeting was held in April, 1951.)



Rice plants are first grown in carefully tended seed-beds and later transplanted to the paddy-fields. (Above) Rice seedlings being pulled from a Japanese seed-bed. (Left) Planting-out in Bali. In the distance is a shrine built to the rice goddess



Rice is a symbol of fertility in the East as well as being the staple food and there are many religious feasts and social customs connected with its cultivation. In Bali offerings which are blessed by the priests are brought to shrines erected in the paddy-fields before planting begins



Methods of cultivation vary in different countries according to the richness of the soil, the amount of land available and the climate. In Bali the paddy-fields may not be defiled in any way. Fertilizers are therefore forbidden but fortunately the soil is rich and the irrigation water is heavy with volcanic mud brought down from the mountains by the daily rain-storms. Thus the fertility of the soil is maintained by natural processes. (Above) Terraces of rice in Bali; in the background is Gunung Agung, the highest point in the island



Japan has such poor soil compared with Bali's and so little cultivable land that every form of fertilizer must be used if rice is to be grown on ground that is planted again as soon as the harvest is gathered. (Above) Harvested rice drying in neatly stacked rows where Fujiyama rises above morning mists. (Right) Japanese women carrying a load of human waste by canal boat to a field, part of which is being prepared for planting while the rice in the rest stands ripe for harvest





John Phillips

Yugoslavia : the Land and the People

by

FITZROY MACLEAN, M.P.

No-one is better qualified to interpret for British readers the relationship between the South Slavs, their history, their present situation and their geographical background than the man who, as Brigadier Commanding the British Military Mission, spent two years with the Partisans and has recently revisited a country now united under (left) their wartime leader

I FIRST saw Yugoslavia from the end of a parachute on a moonlight night some eight years ago. I have been back several times since and each visit has confirmed the first impression which began to form in my mind as I floated down towards the Bosnian mountains and afterwards sat on the ground talking in halting Serbo-Croat to the little band of Partisans who had come out to meet me. It was that almost everything that has ever happened in that country can be explained by two things: the lie of the land and the character of its people.

Poised between Occident and Orient, the Southern Slavs have been exposed in turn and simultaneously to both Eastern and Western influences and have throughout their history been involved in the struggles and rivalries of East and West. They owe their survival as a race, and, more recently, as a sovereign state, to their immense stubbornness of character and to their love of independence.

When I was in Yugoslavia last autumn my way happened to take me across the bleak plain of Kosovo, the famous Field of the Blackbirds, where in 1389 the Serbian Prince Lazar was defeated and killed in a battle

with the Osmanli Turks which was to bring Serbia under more or less vigorously resisted Turkish domination for the next five centuries. A little way from the road you can still see the tomb of the Turkish Sultan who also lost his life in the battle. But when I looked for Lazar's tomb, I found nothing but a heap of rubble. It had been 'liquidated' by someone during the war, by the Bulgars, perhaps, or else by local Albanian Moslems, delighted at this opportunity of venting their hatred on a Serb, even on one who had been dead 500 years. The Sultan's tomb, on the other hand, is in reasonably good repair. Other Moslem tombs, with their odd turbaned tombstones, surround it and it seems to be regarded as a holy place by the local Moslems, of whom we met three splendid representatives taking their grain to market a little further along the road.

It was not long after the catastrophe of Kosovo before the whole of what is now Yugoslavia had fallen under alien domination. The Turks seized the south, the east and the centre, the present-day Serbia and Bosnia. The Austrians and Hungarians, advancing to meet them, occupied the north and west, now Croatia and Slovenia; and the



John Phillips

Young Regular Army recruits, successors of the Partisans, join in celebrating the eighth anniversary of the founding of a Slovene Partisan unit. Behind them the wooded landscape of Slovenia, in the foothills of the Alps, resembles that of Switzerland or Austria

Some 250 miles to the eastward, where the Sava, Danube and Tisa meet in the great plains of the Voivodina, a farmer stares gloomily at a maize-cob stunted by last year's five-month drought, which caused a serious economic crisis even in a land that has usually a surplus of food for export



John Phillips



Hans Leuenberger from Three Lions

Agfacolor

Across the swiftly-flowing rivers of mountainous Bosnia the Turks flung their high-arched bridges: they remain as memorials of an empire that ruled for 500 years in Yugoslav lands

Venetians established themselves along the coast in Dalmatia.

It was thus that, although identical in language and racial origin, the two groups of Southern Slavs, separated by the national frontiers of the great powers, gradually grew apart from each other in culture and tradition, the Serbs looking eastwards to Constantinople and the Croats and Slovenes to Vienna and Central and Western Europe. An earlier line of division between East and West, that between the Eastern and Western halves of the Roman Empire, runs through what is now Yugoslavia and in consequence part of its population adheres to the Orthodox, part to the Roman Catholic Church.

This historical cleavage survives today, manifesting itself in religious and linguistic, not to mention political, differences. Motor-ing through Slovenia and Croatia into Serbia, you pass from a Catholic into an Orthodox country, from Central into Eastern Europe. Zagreb is an unmistakably Western city; Belgrade, for many years a frontier fortress of the Ottoman Empire, still has an air of the East. In Bosnia, halfway between the two, the rival traditions strive for supremacy, in an inextricable tangle of Serb and Croat, Catholic and Orthodox, Christian and Moslem, a tangle which in the war years led to some of the worst atrocities of a singularly blood-thirsty struggle.

Continuing southwards from Belgrade through Central and Southern Serbia into Macedonia, traces of Turkish influence become more and more noticeable. Soon mosques outnumber churches and notices are written up in Turkish as well as in Macedonian, a Slav language resembling Bulgarian. Skopje, the capital, or Üsküb to give it its Turkish name, was part of Turkey until forty years ago when it was ceded to Serbia after the First Balkan War. Everything recalls the East, the narrow winding streets, the crowds in the bazaars, the merchants sitting crosslegged in their shops, the turbans and fezzes, the mullahs at prayer before the mosques. Three or four months ago many of the women were still veiled. Since then, following the

example of Bosnia, the Macedonian Government have passed a decree forbidding the wearing of the veil, and no doubt other changes will follow.

But, if Yugoslavia has an Eastern side to her, the South Slavs have, throughout their history, always kept a window open on the West. Even during the centuries of separation the Serbs never forgot that they and their Croat and Slovene brothers within the Austrian Empire possessed a common origin. Indeed it was this Serb irredentism that led to the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo and precipitated the war of 1914. (Which did not prevent them—being Yugoslavs—from starting to quarrel with each other as soon as they were reunited.)

And then there is the Dalmatian Coast. If I were asked which natural features have had the greatest influence on Yugoslavia's historical development, I should say her Adriatic seaboard and her mountain ranges. Following the winding road that brings you down from the wild Montenegrin highlands



A. J. Thornton

to Dalmatia, you pass abruptly from the East into the Italian Renaissance. Every town you come to, however small, has its share of 14th-, 15th- and 16th-century stone palaces and churches still bearing the arms of their original owners or founders, with here and there the Lion of Saint Mark to recall the suzerainty of Venice. In Dubrovnik, despite all the turmoil of war and revolution, there have been hardly any structural changes for several centuries and a merchant of 17th-century Ragusa, if he were to walk down the main street today would find the State Haberdashery, the State Wine Trust or the National Cosmetics Manufactory doing business in the same premises where he and his friends conducted their affairs three hundred years ago. In Split, the huge remains of Diocletian's Palace, framing the mediaeval town within their crumbling colonnades, recall an earlier link with the West: the local boy who made good and having held sway over the whole of the Roman Empire, returned to end his days in half retirement in his native Dalmatia.

It was my first visit to Split or Dubrovnik. The last time I had been to Dalmatia was during the war when it was in German hands and we had to slip furtively down to the coast by night on our way to the islands and to Italy. Now, as my wife and I made our leisurely way along the coastal road, I amused myself by trying to identify the little harbours I had put into and the tracks along which we had scrambled on our way over the mountains. For, in spite of the enemy's efforts to stop us, it was nearly always possible to get down to the coast, and up from it, if you had guides who knew the country and a small boat to carry you backwards and forwards to the islands, which in the late war, as so often before in their long and varied history, served as ideal bases for gun-running and other piratical activities. On Vis, where a British Commando Brigade was based during most of 1944, there are two old forts commanding the entrance to the harbour. They are called Fort Wellington and Fort George and over the gate may still be seen the royal cypher of George III of England whose forces occupied them for half-a-dozen years during the Napoleonic wars, when the neighbouring Illyrian Provinces were a French puppet comparable to the Independent State of Croatia set up by the Germans in 1941.

While their long seaboard, with its hardy seafaring people and islands and creeks and harbours, has provided the South Slavs with a window on the West—a window that has

never been kept entirely shut—their mountains have furnished the natural stronghold which has enabled them to keep alight even at the worst of times the spirit of independence which is their greatest national asset. Whether the enemy were the Turks or the Germans, the Italians, the Austrians or the Hungarians, the South Slavs have never lacked brave men ready to take to the hills and give a very good account of themselves there. To say that Tito is in the direct tradition of Kara George, the Serbian peasant patriot who raised the standard of revolt against the Turks a century and a half ago, is to insult neither.

In the last ten years Yugoslavia's geography and the character of her people have played an even more important part than usual. Their influence has on the whole been beneficial; though not always. The pride and stubbornness of both Serbs and Croats, their fanatical devotion to whatever cause they adopt, were in part responsible for the fierce internecine feuds which divided Yugoslavia before and during the war and made her an easier prey for her enemies. And, while the mountains and forests favoured guerrilla warfare, the difficulty of defending the towns and fertile valleys and their proximity to the frontiers gave certain very definite initial advantages to an invader superior in numbers and equipment. Thus it was that in 1941 the Germans were able to defeat the Royal Yugoslav Army and occupy the country in a few days. It was *after* they had occupied Yugoslavia that their troubles began.

And no wonder. Motoring through Slovenia last autumn on my way to Belgrade, I was thinking, as so often before, what wonderful country this was for guerrilla operations, with its thickly wooded hills and mountains, when a chance encounter suddenly took me back to the war years. We had to draw in to the side of the road to make way for a column of young army recruits on their way to join in celebrating the eighth anniversary of the foundation of a local Partisan unit during the war. Looking at these tough, wiry lads with their bronzed faces and high cheekbones, and at the bemedalled veterans who accompanied them, I reflected that in this country the human material was indeed worthy of the strategical and geographical background. And it was not only in Slovenia that these or similar thoughts occurred to me, but almost everywhere I went.

During the years that followed 1941 the mountains and forests of Yugoslavia and the innate toughness of her people, coupled with his own innate toughness (for he was one of



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Yugoslavia is the meeting-place of many worlds: of Orthodox and Roman Catholic, of Christian and Moslem, of Western technique and Communist discipline. The last two are shown in the new Belgrade where (above) the recently completed Main Post Office is as reminiscent of Manchester as of Moscow. Yet (below) in the Macedonian market of Skopje, Moslem women still raise their veils to inspect the chickens they are about to buy



W. Farquharson Small



W. Farquharson Small

The broken countryside of Yugoslavia seldom lends itself to centralized bureaucratic control and the greater part of the land belongs to individual peasants, though even in the highlands of Macedonia cooperative villages (as here) are being established

government by every means in their power short of actual armed intervention.

By political pressure they have so far achieved little. Indeed, if anything, their efforts to overthrow the government have made it rather more popular than it was before. Tito has been remarkably successful in carrying his own Communist supporters with him in his defiance of Moscow. He has also gone some way towards solving another problem which has long threatened his country's political stability: the rivalry of the Serbs and Croats and of the other races who go to make up the Yugoslav state. The

them) and his natural gifts as a military leader, helped Marshal Tito to conduct a wider-spread and more successful resistance to the Germans than existed in any other occupied country and enabled him to claim in the end that his people had driven the Germans from their country by their own efforts.

In the long run, the results and repercussions have been more far-reaching still. "The Yugoslav brand of Communism", Tito once said, "was born in the forests and mountains and not imported ready-made from Moscow." After what they had gone through to preserve their national independence, the Partisans were not prepared to sacrifice it to the Muscovite Moloch, or indeed to anyone else. And, that being so, there could only be one outcome: the clash with Moscow which in fact ensued.

How will it end? For the answer we must turn once again to Yugoslavia's two principal assets: her rugged land, and her rugged, turbulent people, led by one of themselves.

Since 1948 Soviet pressure has never relaxed. For three years now, the Russians have been trying to upset Tito and his

foundation was laid during the war when Serbs and Croats, Slovenes and Montenegrins, found themselves fighting side by side as Partisans against a common enemy. Within the Partisan Movement they found a common loyalty which did much to diminish the old rivalries and antagonisms. Since the war a solution for this problem has been sought in a federal system under which Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Bosnians, Montenegrins and Macedonians all have their own Republican Governments within the framework of the Yugoslav Federation. This is not simply a façade. Gradually, the regional governments are achieving more and more power and independence not only in administrative, but in economic and political matters. It would be too much to say that the old antagonisms have disappeared. But they are less violent than they were and offer less opportunity to an outside enemy for making trouble.

Soviet economic pressure has been rather more successful. Coming when the Yugoslav Government had just launched their ambitious Five-Year Plan for the industrialization of the country, the complete economic

boycott imposed by Russia and her satellites was bound to cause them acute embarrassment. An additional burden was imposed on the national economy by the need for increased armament production. For the past two years they have managed to make both ends meet by increasing their trade with the West and by a policy of the most rigorous austerity at home. But Yugoslavia is by no means out of the wood. She has, it is true, considerable natural resources: minerals and non-ferrous metals in Serbia and elsewhere; timber in the forests of Bosnia and Slovenia; farm produce from the rich agricultural districts of Serbia and the Voivodina; potential hydro-electric power in the mountain lakes and rivers. But she is still desperately short of capital equipment, of foreign currency and of skilled technicians. In their anxiety to press on with industrialization the government have paid insufficient attention to the need for consumer goods. The consequent difficulty of finding anything to spend their money on has led to serious absenteeism amongst the industrial workers and to a tendency on the part of the peasants, already disgruntled by government interference, to produce only as much food as they need for

themselves. On top of this a severe drought last summer caused the partial failure of the harvest. The result is that Yugoslavia now stands before a food shortage which will not only deprive her of one of her principal exports, but which may yet assume the proportions of a famine. Worse still, there is a serious danger of political repercussions. The Russians are permanently on the look-out for any opportunity of making trouble, and the widespread discontent which would inevitably accompany a serious economic crisis would make their task much easier.

Tito has reacted to this situation in a realistic way. The collectivization of agriculture, one of the principal sources of dissatisfaction among the peasants, has been slowed down, leaving over eighty per cent of the land still in the hands of its peasant owners, and special incentives have been introduced for the benefit of both agricultural and industrial workers. There is less discrimination between the privileged and unprivileged classes than there used to be. The Security Police are rather less active. There has been some slight relaxation of pressure all round. Finally, while reaffirming his determination to maintain his country's independence, Tito

The mountains and forests of Yugoslavia are ideal for guerrilla warfare: this scene of almost Canadian wildness, with Partisans on the march, was familiar to the author during World War II



From the author

has quite openly turned to the West for financial and economic help to see him through the present crisis.

If they fail to achieve their aims by political or economic pressure, it may well be that the Russians will decide to use force. Yugoslavia today has an army of some thirty divisions which is probably the strongest standing army in Europe after the Red Army, and Tito and the other Yugoslav leaders have hitherto felt confident that they could hold their own against an attack by any of the Soviet satellites bordering on their frontiers. But of late there have been indications that the armies of Yugoslavia's Soviet-satellite neighbours have, with Russian technical and material help, been greatly strengthened both in numbers and equipment. From

Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria come reports of many hundreds of T34 tanks, Yak fighters and Stormovik fighter-bombers. Tito's estimate of the present strength of the armed forces of his Eastern neighbours gives Rumania 300,000 troops, Bulgaria 195,000 and Hungary 165,000. Behind these stand the Red Army with its 175 divisions, 25,000 tanks and 19,000 aircraft.

Fighting on equal terms against the satellites, Tito would have a good chance of holding his own. But a direct attack by the Red Army or an attack by satellite forces heavily stiffened with Red Army equipment and technicians would be a different matter. Tito is rightly proud of his army. But it is primarily an infantry army equipped with infantry weapons; one might almost say a guerrilla

Her Adriatic seaboard has had a great influence on Yugoslavia's history. From Montenegro the road winds down to the splendid natural harbour of Kotor which, in the past, Roman, Venetian, Turkish, Austrian, French, Russian, British and German forces have sought to capture or defend

Victorial Press





Dorothy Hosmer from Pictorial Press

Trogir (Traù), near Split, is full of the Italian Renaissance architecture brought by Venice's long suzerainty to all the ports of the Dalmatian coast: even to Dubrovnik, which was independent

army. By present-day standards their armour, artillery and air force are negligible. It is hard to see how, with their present resources, they could by themselves hope to withstand a large-scale tank attack backed by effective air and artillery support from several quarters at once.

Here is an instance where the lie of the land favours the attackers rather than the defenders. Both Belgrade and Zagreb—and the road and rail communications linking them—lie within less than a hundred miles of the Hungarian or Rumanian border, and the intervening country is flat and presents few obstacles to a tank attack. To the south, the fertile Morava and Vardar valleys, with the towns of Niš and Skopje and the main Belgrade-Salonika railway, are equally exposed to an attack from Bulgaria, while a hostile Albania threatens Southern Serbia and Macedonia from the west. A determined and well-equipped enemy would thus have a good

chance of occupying or destroying Yugoslavia's principal centres of population and industry, her main lines of communication and her chief food-producing areas at the very outset of a campaign.

There can be little doubt that, if they saw any hope of making a successful stand on or near their frontiers, the Yugoslavs, who are born fighters, would make the attempt. But, if the odds proved too great, another course would be open to them: to fall back into the mountains of Serbia, Montenegro, Bosnia and Slovenia, and there wage the kind of war by means of which they managed to contain upwards of a dozen Axis divisions for the best part of four years. At the same time they would seek to keep the coast open for supplies and assistance from the West. Thus, once again, the hills and the sea would play their part in the history of the Southern Slavs—the hills and the sea and their own indomitable will to resist.

The Kelabits of Borneo

by TOM HARRISSON, D.S.O.

The author, who is Government Ethnologist and Curator of the Sarawak Museum, Kuching, started Mass-Observation in 1935 to "study the cannibals of Britain", has practised his recreation of "living among strange people" in Malekula and the New Hebrides, and was parachuted into Borneo to organize guerrillas against the Japanese. The people of whom he writes were his comrades-in-arms

ALTHOUGH the Equator runs through Borneo, the very centre of this—the world's third largest island—is a system of uplands each enclosed in a great basin of mountain peaks. The valley bottoms, rich and fertile from the alluvium of the ranges, are mostly above 3000 feet above sea level, and at night you need two warm blankets. The mountains go up to 8000 feet.

In some of the most northerly and largest of these uplands live a people called Kelabits who are perhaps the remotest of the Dyaks, with long black hair and strongly muscular figures, perforated ear lobes (immensely lengthened in the women), extensive tattooing—tiptoe to thigh, finger-nail to forearm in the women, less in the men. The men usually wear loin-cloths and bark-coats, the women short skirts and numerous beads. There is no need for them to be tattooed or to wear a couple of pounds on each ear. There is need for them to be muscled and tough. For all about the high, wild mountain bowl in which they live are rugged passes and harsh exhausting jungle tracks leading out on the far jour-

ney to the coast, anything up to a month away.

In this remoteness, elevated, cool and fertile, a people who on paper might seem to be primitive have, in my opinion (after living much of 1945-50 among them) evolved a way of life which I should class, with all respect to Professor Toynbee, as a civilization. But there are levels at which we self-satisfied Westerners would probably at once adjudge them as savage and crude. For instance, their system of domestic architecture and social economy.

The unanalytical eye might well be excused for seeing, in the Kelabit long-house, a rather vulgar form of society. Throughout Borneo, as in parts of prehistoric Russia, the characteristic village unit is one or more continuous long-houses, each family joined to the next, and the whole raised on stilts. (It is much the same in Stepney, without the stilts.)

In other parts of Borneo, long-houses, as well as being divided down the central (long) axis, have the rear part divided into walled separate rooms, one per family—the

front part is more or less open roofed verandah-cum-street, where most of village craftsmanship and entertainment goes on, and where the bachelors usually sleep. Among the Kelabits, however, the central long wall is the *only* one. There are no rooms, no separated families. The back is as open as the front, and you may pass along it at will, seeing all, going anywhere, eating at any fire (and each will of certainty invite you to sit and eat) day and night, as you wish.

But when you probe a little deeper, learning gradually, it appears that this set-up, generally deemed primitive, has great advantages. Once you have got over the utter lack of privacy (an idea incompre-



A. J. Thornton



All photographs by the author, by courtesy of the Sarawak Museum

The 'primitive' Kelabits, alone among their neighbours, have developed methods of wet-rice cultivation, supposed to denote an advanced civilization. A woman 'puddling' mud before planting rice

hensible to Kelabits) among the comradeship, cooperation and character-building arising from this easy access of fraternity are elements that more than offset disadvantages which a child born and bred in such a home would, of course, never notice anyway.

Anyone who has any specially good food—a rotten tree-trunk full of grubs, a sambhur deer, the crop from a fruit tree, a catch of eels—would be ashamed to eat same in public solitude; all will share.

Constantly and in innumerable ways everyone will help everyone else to do anything. The little girl, passing by, helps the old man (no relation) to mend the dam. Whenever you want a haircut, just wander along the long-house until you find someone

who you feel may be competent to fix your *coiffure*.

For the children, this upbringing is in some ways ideal. All boys under about twelve and girls under about ten form a gang, a group of groups, freely roaming the hundred yards or so of the wide (60-foot) tall (30-foot) house, with its different layers of play, all permanently dry in any weather: underneath on the ground; on the floor; or in the intricate patchwork of storage platforms and rafters below the palm-leaf roof. After twelve or ten they will start to help their parents, learning the jobs of everyday outdoor life which, however, long before that form a major part in their play. For contrary to belief of most psychologists, child-play need



(Above) *The long-houses of the Kelabits are open back and front and the families live, cook and sleep unseparated by walls from their neighbours. The palm-leaf roof opens to admit light; there are no seats or furniture of rest. In this combined workshop and playground dogs, children and grown-ups can wander at will.*

(Left) *In a communal life such as the Kelabits' everyone helps: a friend will act as barber on request. Letters on the walls indicate the first signs of literacy*



A girl minding her younger sister. Her perforated and extended ear-lobes carry a couple of pounds apiece. Adult responsibilities such as pounding rice, tending tobacco plants, weaving and cooking, are all taken on by Kelabit children at an early age



The Kelabits are able craftsmen and exercise their talents in carving, embroidery, weaving and in many other ways of which not the least is carpentry. The smooth precision of the canoe (below), cut from a single tree, and (left) the plank for an extension to a long-house were accomplished solely by the use of a primitive adze. (Opposite) The tribe's greatest artistic delight is in pottery; they collect dragon jars, mostly Tang or Ming, which have been laboriously brought several weeks' journey from the coast, on the backs of porters, to delight the Kelabit art connoisseurs, "as critical as any in Bond Street". The four jars opposite belong to a neighbouring tribesman, a Murut from the next valley. Although they are esteemed by the Muruts these jars are not of a type valued by the Kelabits



not be wishful or dreamy; theirs is heavily realistic, practising, by imitation, for being adult: pounding mud rice, weeding tobacco gardens, making miniature palm mats, shooting baby blow-pipes, setting ineffective part-ridge snares, nearly spearing piglets, cooking old fishes' tails. With the Kelabits it is the adults who indulge in most of fantasy. Only later on you learn about the omen birds and the immense network of legends and fairy tales of Kelabit history, most of which are sung, and some of which last several nights.

According to the book, the tolerant, uninhibited upbringing of Kelabit children *should* make them into men and women of calm and nerveless character. Yet even as children they exhibit violent personalities. The boys are extremely moody and often most aggressive towards their parents. The most loving fathers, like Balang, have to suffer protracted assaults from their sons. The little boy Geris in the picture on page 38 is in the first stage of anger known as *kedior*. By the night after that photograph was taken, he had reached the stage called *mobpo*, where you lie on the floor and beat the planks with

fire-wood, making such an uproar that your vicinity is uninhabitable.

It is difficult in an article of this sort to explain the contradictions and complexities in long-house life. There are two big pulls acting, for the same reason, in opposite directions. One is the group, working together over everything: bringing in new and sometimes tremendous planks for the new house to be built next year; making a canoe for a big hunting and fishing trip down the Baram; clearing a new area for rice; making a new path to the next village; plucking each other's eyelashes.

But in a group where sameness and cooperation look so likely to dominate everything, immense stress is put on *individual* character and mood. Constant demonstrations of personality upset the theoretically even pattern of everyday and everyone.

So, we may see, it is dangerous to oversimplify the communal long-house.

The Kelabits might well be regarded as primitive, again, because they are one of the few tribes left in Asia who still have an active 'megalithic' culture. That is, they still erect





(Above) *The village funny man, the life and soul of every party, actor and buffoon, yet a perfect gentleman.*
 (Left) *In spite, or possibly because, of their uninhibited upbringing many Kelabit children are extremely temperamental and quarrel violently with their parents. Ignoring his father's conciliatory hand, the four-year-old Geris sulks in a mood known to the Kelabits as kedior. By night he had reached a further stage, mobpo, when he lay down and beat the floorboards, causing an uproar in the long-house*

stone monuments and shrines, often large ones. This megalithic phase has usually been regarded as one associated with early stages in Asian development, through which people are supposed to have passed to reach higher levels of present up-to-date civilization. Associated with this megalithic activity is a religion based on animism, omen animals and superstitions, backed by a galaxy of ghosts and spirits, heroes and demi-gods. This looks 'primitive', too.

Nevertheless, this megalithic activity among the Kelabits is closely linked to an advanced system of irrigation. Stone monoliths and donels are erected in memory of the dead, to demonstrate the ability of the living to redistribute wealth over their ancestors and in-laws—in-laws play a tremendous part in Kelabit society! But instead of putting up megaliths you are just as entitled to cut irrigation ditches, dam streams. Cutting a ditch or erecting a stone are the major Kelabit occasions. Around this focus centre their gargantuan feasts, called *irau*. A good *irau* lasts three or four days, during which anything up to a thousand people seldom stop eating or drinking, singing or dancing.

Then the great dragon jars which the Kelabits collect and adore form a line from one end of the long-house to the other, abubble with rice-beer. These jars, the best of which are probably Tang and plenty of them Ming, have been portered, over the centuries and 5000-foot passes, into this remote corner full of art connoisseurs as critical as any in Bond Street. At these feasts, too, fine old plates from Swatow and Canton are brought from their racks, cleaned and liberally heaped with food (and food and food). Then the water-buffalo, hump-backed cattle, enormous house pigs and tough handsome goats are slaughtered and consumed *en masse*. All along the verandah, as well as at every individual family fire, great metal bowls swelter with beef; bamboos blacken and char full of red rice, reed tips, prawns, venison; home-made earthenware pots of delicate grace fizzle with fern leaves, bamboo shoots, white rice, chicken and duck.

These feasts are marathons of food and drink, where everyone cooperates to have fun and everyone competes to be fairer or funnier than his or her friend. For ten minutes, everyone, old and young, may be dancing in a single line round and through and up and down the house, to the smashing rhythm of bamboos beaten on the floor and the bells jangling on brilliant bead codes. Then the pattern will change, and one young man will dance (for a boringly long time) in

curved simple gestures of hand and foot, to the music of a mandolin; dressed in a feather cloak and cap, and thinking only of women.

Practical joking, fun and games, are very much part of an *irau*. The hospitable way to greet your guests is to pour rice-beer over them when they arrive; then send them away again, three days later, covered from head to foot in soot. For everything Kelabits do they really do *do*. When they work, they work passionately. When they play, they play frantically. And the two things are all mixed up together.

Not that an *irau* is merely a harsh debauch. It is full of such friendliness and of glorious singing, warm-hearted talk and idiotic boasting. And it only expresses the end in the chain of months of hard work from before dawn to after dark. No other Borneo people could regularly give feasts like this. Only the Kelabits have enough cattle—most of the others have not any at all—and enough rice. Whereas their neighbours all around them use the wasteful and laborious system of shifting cultivation, Kelabits have developed methods of wet-rice irrigation which give high yields and can be employed even on tiny patches of land with little water.

So we come back to the contradiction. Irrigation is widely considered a diagnostic feature of an advanced civilization, way ahead of shifting cultivation. Similarly with rearing cattle. How does this fit with the 'primitive' long-house and megalithic phase?

I don't think it does fit. I think that sort of thing has been very much over-simplified in our descriptions of other people; largely because anthropology remains a very superficial technique, with the emphasis on structures and words. In some ways, Kelabit life is even more complicated than life is in London—for practically the whole of it is a matter of direct human relations and very little is organized in strict rules, currencies, items, laws, and formulae. These people are neither advanced nor retarded—they are people: at the moment Kelabits in 1951.

Among them, one can find the whole gamut of human character from Z to A. The village idiot, the hopeless poet, the potential dictator, the lover of dogs or solitude, the lover of the bottle. There is so much character, vitality, variety. And though the cycle of agriculture dominates life, they make (not find) time for a vast range of other activities, from ritual and spirits to carving in wood and distilling, making steel into swords, weaving cloth from pineapple leaf, embroidering bark for gay waistcoats, flying dragon-flies on strings—and oh a million other things.

British Energy Spells Power and Plenty

II. Energy in Production

by PROFESSOR E. G. R. TAYLOR

In our April number Dr Taylor surveyed, from a broad geographical standpoint, the sources of the energy on which the livelihood of the British people depends. She now turns to the disposal of energy in terms of the more purposeful, intelligent and efficient production needed to enable us to face, with confidence as well as courage, the increasing difficulty of our economic situation. (Copies of the coloured map illustrating these articles are obtainable rolled (not folded) from The Geographical Magazine, 40-42 William IV Street, London, W.C.2, price 2s. 6d. each post free)

EINSTEIN, so we are told, made the important discovery that Inertia and Energy are equivalent. But he was speaking in the strict and specialized private language of mathematics. In common speech and in common practice, inertia is the very negation of energy, and there is no doubt that through inertia much of our own precious store of energy is dissipated without being translated into work, or at least into useful work. The light left burning in our empty room, the factory chimney belching out black smoke, the plantation fired by a carelessly thrown cigarette-end, the granary infested with vermin, the unoiled bearing, all these represent energy wasted, and energy wasted through inertia—by slackness and failure to put things right. Yet we said in a previous article that a well-fed population (and no counting of calories) was a veritable gushing fountain of energy, and given command of mechanical power—whether from coal, oil or hydro-electricity—such a population (inertia apart) was capable of industrial output on a scale only to be called stupendous. We are witnesses of the colossal productivity of the Americans, and we remember our own record after Dunkirk. But as it is, every prominent engineer and scientist will tell us that there is a tremendous gap between our energy potential, both vital and mechanical, as a nation, and the work we actually accomplish. The value of the pound would climb up like a thermometer on a hot day were we to set deliberately to work to narrow and eventually close this gap. But to do this requires more than the mere will (although that would go far): there must be an increase both of technical skill and of intelligent direction. Of these two, technical skill hinges upon the general structure and

rewards of education and training. Intelligent direction results from clear aims, and above all a sense of purpose at all levels. How to inspire this sense of purpose in times of peace is a baffling problem: inertia is quite incompatible with it.

Our economic situation in Great Britain is unique, and may easily prove fatal. The close packing of population in our small islands creates for us a problem of production of a magnitude unknown in any other part of the world. For we are obliged to produce, not so that we may consume the product, but simply so as to pay the cost of purchasing and bringing back from overseas a more and more astronomical bulk of food and raw materials. The Americans on the other hand are under no such necessity, so that whenever we feel inclined to bemoan their juicy steaks or peaches and cream meringues we ought to repeat over and over to ourselves: "There are ten times as many people to each square mile of land over here as there are over there." For the land is the ultimate source of energy, wealth and well-being. When we look at it like this, the fact that during the last year the Americans produced six times as much steel as we did does not appear so disturbing and disheartening after all. Why did they not produce ten times as much? Our steel industry, located principally in the Midlands, Yorkshire and South Wales, is something to be proud of, and we should be as pleased to see a group of blast furnaces glowing rosy in the night as to see a group of oast-houses. Neither technical skill nor sureness of aim are lacking in those responsible for producing British steel, and steel output, as it rises or falls, affords a world index of economic and mechanical strength.

Nevertheless it is a very sobering thought



A. C. K. Ware, by courtesy of Whitbread & Co., Ltd.

Oast-houses, and the crowd here seen gathering for the annual Hop Festival, carry our minds back to the slow-moving past, while blast-furnaces symbolize the strains and struggles of today. Yet as a matter of fact the bio-chemistry of brewing is highly complex, and the big brewers spend large sums on research

J. Allan Cash, by courtesy of Stewarts & Lloyds, Ltd.





By courtesy of the "Farmer & Stockbreeder"



J. Allan Cash, by courtesy of the London Brick Co., Ltd

The conflict of land use has various aspects: "crops versus trees" is one and "meat versus bricks" is another. Our English fattening pastures are second to none and must be jealously guarded. Yet we would not willingly sacrifice the traditional house of brick and tile, for which the materials lie ready to hand in abundance. Moreover, it is the natural juxtaposition of good clay and sand that dictates the location of big brick-fields. Luckily the giant excavator which removes the soil can also be employed in its restoration, and we must be insistent that this is done

that (apart from our trained man-power) our natural resources in this country are so extremely scanty. Both the Americans and the Russians spin and weave home-grown cotton, smoke home-grown tobacco, run their motor-cars and tractors on their own petrol, build houses from local timber, eat bread made from home-grown grain, pick oranges and apricots from their own orchards. And we must buy all from abroad, thus lying at the mercy of the rate of exchange. But, after all, it has been our own decision to build up a dense population here instead of spreading out into the Dominions, which have immense resources, when we had the chance. So we must fall back on those assets which belong especially to great urban communities like our own, deeply rooted in the past, enjoying in particular a superb cultural and educational endowment, an impatience of the second-rate, a milieu in which the most varied and remarkable talents can find scope for expression and development. In a word, out of our 50,000,000 we can expect a very high proportion of exceptional people—we have not to look elsewhere for the initiative, brains and skill that our peculiar circumstances call for.

There are, of course, a few material things that we have in abundance, besides men and women. We possess more than ample coal for centuries to come, given the sense of purpose required to win it, and coal is not only a source of mechanical power, but a raw material capable of many transformations. Then we have clay, sand and limestone in unlimited quantities, so that (given organization and direction) we need never be short of such building and constructional materials as bricks and mortar, masonry, cement and concrete. South-eastern England is banded by hundreds of miles of low hills made out of the soft limestone called chalk which is ideal for cement making, and fortunately a dazzlingly white quarry cut into the smooth green front of the Downs is far from unsightly. But the same cannot be said of the huge scars in the carboniferous limestone which builds such bolder hills and uplands as those of North Wales and the Buxton district. Here, however, there are beds of limestone of such exceptional quality and purity that beauty must needs be sacrificed: and tranquillity besides, for blasting operations mean noise and dust. Clay and sand, of course, build plains rather than hills, and where they are extracted for the monster brickworks of Fletton, Bedford and north Staffordshire, a pitted and unsightly

surface results. Yet we must set against all these processes of 'uglification' the fact that quarrying and brickmaking are age-old rural occupations, and have always played a part in stemming the persistent depopulation of the countryside. Forestry fills the same role, and on an increasing scale.

It is obvious that to house 50,000,000 people requires building materials in astronomical quantity, but no matter what the supply of bricks and tiles, drain-pipes, cement and concrete, all these must lie idle unless matched by their due proportion of timber. Yet of timber we have next to none, and it has grown harder to procure from abroad. We have reason to regret our tepid, even hostile attitude towards the Forestry Commission when it was set up after the warning of shortage given by World War I. The forester sees trees as crops, which may or may not happen to be ornamental. When therefore he has to decide between planting conifers which will mature in thirty years and planting some handsome leafy tree which will not be ready for felling until eighty years old, he really has no choice in view of the country's needs. But there are even nicer decisions than what trees to plant which have to be made. Great sandy heaths and bracken-grown hill-slopes are sites that surely no one would grudge for re-forestation. Yet these seeming waste-lands may be merely suffering from neglect. Anyone who has looked over a really vigorously run hill-farm, or who has been shown a mat of heather on one side of a wire fence, a heavy crop on the other, the original soil being identical, must stop and think again. Brains, skill, hard work and a sense of purpose can effect seeming miracles of reclamation. It is perhaps for the economist to decide on this conflict of land use—crops or trees. Does the provision of planks and pit-props rank above the provision of food? He may have to reply in terms of available shipping-space rather than of cost, perhaps even in terms of refrigerating space. Such questions allow of no simple answer, and there are dozens of them. Some of our best gravel, for example, lies underneath our best market-gardening soil, out towards Uxbridge and Staines. Our most plentiful deposits of iron-ore lie under our best grazing lands, in a belt running through Northamptonshire and Lincolnshire to Tees-side. We look at the silhouette of giant mechanical navvies reared up against the sky and learn where victory lies. Gravel for the London area is a 'must', while without iron-ore not only would the people of Corby, Scunthorpe, Middlesbrough and Redcar be



re Post Library

There can surely be no city with so strange a sky-line as Stoke-on-Trent, looking from the air as though some giant had stood his empty beer-bottles down among the houses. The shape, though not the size, of the potter's kiln has altered little through the centuries and the men of North Staffordshire had been improving their skill long before Josiah Wedgwood introduced the secret of making fine china among them

courtesy of The Council of Industrial Design



Aerofilms, Ltd



This tea-set was specially designed by Edward Bawden for the New Zealand Shipping Company, and manufactured (1951) by Josiah Wedgwood and Son, Stoke-on-Trent. It is an example of the quiet good taste for which the firm is famous, and which ensures a steady export trade

Movable racks of milk-bottles? They might be, but are actually bobbins of yarn as fine as silk which British Nylon Spinners are producing at Pontypool. The raw materials are coal, water and air, recombined by the chemist

thrown out of work, but without the pig-iron and steel which they produce we could not survive, we should fade away. Our strength, indeed our daily bread, lies at the moment in our capacity to send a steady stream of machinery and motor-vehicles to foreign purchasers in return for all those things we lack.

We have another quiet and steady line of overseas business, too, which we hear much less about. It is one which depends upon our possessing large deposits of a substance far from common, namely kaolin or china-clay. Since Arnold Bennett went out of fashion we tend to forget the Five Towns, now renamed collectively Stoke-on-Trent, which form the heart of the Potteries. For they lie a little apart, off the main arteries of traffic, and they seem to have no labour troubles. Perhaps this is because they have no need to worry about the supply of raw materials. Coarse clay (for saggers) lies all around them, while the transport of china-clay by sea and canal all the way from the mines in Cornwall has been smoothly organized ever since Josiah Wedgwood's day. Furthermore, the making of china-ware and sanitary-ware is an industry in which the cost of the raw materials forms only an inconsiderable fraction of the value of the product. Skill, good taste, good design, these are all in all, and are certainly not lacking in the Potteries, where education is given the right slant. And perhaps there is something heartening in making articles which are not merely essential to every household, but are constantly needing replacement. A steel bridge, once built, lasts for centuries, a chest of drawers for generations, a man's suit (nowadays) for perhaps a dozen years. But what is the average life of a cup and saucer?

For his glazes, paints and finishes the potter must lean heavily upon the chemist,



By courtesy of British Nylon Spinners

and the chemical industry affords what is perhaps the clearest example of the overwhelming importance not simply of technical skill, but of properly directed scientific knowledge, research and inventiveness. It is no exaggeration to say that chemistry—the manipulation of the molecules—plays a vital part in every basic British industry of importance, whether metallurgy, textiles, plastics, pottery, glass, soap, fertilizers, agriculture, food-processing, cosmetics, or what you will. To keep our place in a competitive world we are obliged to make quality our first consideration. Quality obviously hinges upon refinement of process. Refinement of process depends in its turn upon—the chemist.

The chemist, of course, must have his raw materials, and in respect of one of these we are relatively fortunate. Huge masses of rock salt, or sodium chloride, lie hidden beneath the red rocks of Cheshire and south-east Durham. Coal, chalk, gypsum, anhydrite, even the atmosphere itself are other mass sources of molecules which the chemist

must dragoon into parting company and then combining together into new and more valuable and active substances. Caustic soda, washing soda, bleaching powder, sulphuric acid, all these are so-called "heavy chemicals" of quite simple composition widely used in industry. But much of the chemist's work is more subtle, furnishing substitutes for natural materials and lighter, stronger, more effective or more beautiful variants of manufactured ones. A striking example is a new thread which leaves the silkworm standing: it is being produced on a large scale at Pontypool—nylon yarn. So wonderful, indeed, are some of the substitute materials produced by the chemist that we are in danger of expecting him to perform miracles and to relieve us of all our shortages. What are we going to wear now that the price of wool is rocketing up to over a pound sterling for a pound weight? Myriads of sheep (over 100,000,000 in Australia alone) have not satisfied the present world demand for wool, and although the flocks might be increased very substantially in the course of two or three years by the breeders, a limit is set by the availability of water and pasture. By the availability, too, of shepherds and shearers and range-riders, who cannot be conjured out of nowhere, even by chemists, in a world of full employment.

So far we have been painting a picture of the energetic and able use of raw materials lying at hand, the actual substances in fact of which our land is built, so that we are like the children in the fairy-tale nibbling at their gingerbread house. But no ingenuity, whether of chemists or any other industrialists, can disguise the fact that there is a very great range of molecules and materials in which we are totally deficient, and for which no substitute can be found. Practically all the metals except iron, two out of the three essential ingredients of fertilizers, potash and phosphates, all the natural fibres save for a moderate supply of wool and a little flax—and so the list could go on. We have to look upon our land as one vast factory, into which crude materials come from overseas, and out of which crates of finished goods emerge for sale. The factory has two sides, usually not under the same roof: the workshop and the office or board-room. The main doors of the British factory are the great seaports, and those who merely pass through them quickly as passengers are hardly aware of the immense complexity of their organization and equipment, or of the energy and effort that are put into maintaining their efficiency. The Thames and

Mersey entries (and in Scotland the Clyde) stand in a class by themselves, handling the lion's share of the total national traffic. The two English estuaries are at opposite ends of what may be termed the industrial and commercial axis of Britain, that is to say the swathe of country running north-westwards from Greater London, and terminating in Liverpool-Manchester and Leeds. A majority of the population is to be found at work in and about this axial belt. The predominance of London River and the Mersey as seaports arises not only from their positions as doorways at either end of the British office-cum-workshop, but because these two tideways are sufficiently roomy for the large-scale provision of wharfs, docks, warehouses, and cargo-handling gear, so that they can quickly handle whatever size and volume of shipping presents itself. Yet as tidal estuaries they have the defects of their qualities. The channels require constant watching and dredging, besides very skilful (and therefore expensive) pilotage to bring ships in and out safely. There is, too, a special local liability to fog, for which, however, radar installations are beginning to offer a remedy: whether or no this device will make pilotage redundant it is not for a layman to say.

But the problem of redundancy through new inventions, hardly occurring among people who work on the land, is always present in the minds of those employed in office and workshop—or in transport, which corresponds to the 'despatch' department dependent upon both. What has become of the workers whose skill lay in making buttoned boots, or of those who had devoted themselves to making buttons for buttoned boots? What does a starch and mustard manufacturer do when stiff collars and starched petticoats are no longer the mode, and there is no roast beef to go with the mustard? These are trivial matters, perhaps, which are matched by changes in the opposite sense. Fifty years ago the light metal aluminium found a small market among manufacturers of domestic wares and only a small extraction industry went on, located at the Falls of Foyers in the heart of the Highlands. Nobody except the engineers and the born inventors then dreamt of flying-machines. But now the processing of the raw material, bauxite, (coming from the Colonies) is important at several ports of entry, while actual extraction of the metal, for which hydro-electric power is essential, takes place at the Kinlochleven works which are bigger than those of Foyers, and at Lochaber, near Fort William, at a



By courtesy of The British Aluminium Co., Ltd.

Our resources are relatively limited and the best use must be made of them; as is the case with water at (above) Kinlochleven, where hydro-electric power is applied direct to the manufacture of aluminium, and (below) Liverpool, where the radar installation enables an operator to scan, on a series of screens, the Mersey Estuary and the movements of every ship down several miles of river, even in complete darkness

By courtesy of The Sperry Gyroscope Co., Ltd.





The two sides of the "British National Factory", the office and the workshop, are streaming to and from work. Distinctions of class still hold them apart. In the crowd crossing London Bridge we can pick out the umbrella which used to be de rigueur for the city man, while (below) the traditional cloth cap of the man at the bench is in evidence. But neither of the two groups can stand alone and greater mutual appreciation and understanding are needed if our whole national energy is to be released in productive output

Keystone Press



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factory served by a power-station very much bigger still. Of course the makers of button-boots could say "Yes! but we live in Northampton, not the Highlands", and the starch-makers chime in with "We live in Norwich". And the conclusion to be drawn from that retort is that an industrial country should be planned and an industrial population trained in such a way as to ensure the maximum of mobility as well as versatility. But this is to think only on domestic lines. There is a world problem to be faced.

What is the Workshop of the World to do now that every country in the world is setting up its own workshops? Politicians everywhere have adopted economic planning as part of their job, and take it for granted that industrialization is the panacea for poverty, so that whether in India or China, in Turkey or Yugoslavia, in Argentina or Australia, factories are going up, and 'home manufacture' is the watchword. Such changes have, of course, already occurred elsewhere—in Japan, for example, and in Russia—so that we can study what sort of effects they will have on our foreign trade, although they have never before been so widespread. Actually, the first result of an industrialization policy in an agricultural country is to make big demands upon certain of the old-established industries in countries like our own. We have only got to look down a table of British exports to see how this phase of world change affects us as a 'workshop'. Iron and steel products, machinery, tools and vehicles of all types make up by far the biggest totals of what we now sell abroad, and this may be expected to go on for some years.

But what about the next phase, when the new factories go into production? When this happened in Japan, two generations ago, Lancashire suffered cruelly. For we had been accustomed to produce enormous quantities of cheap cotton materials for the Asiatic and Colonial markets, and now Japan could undersell us. Broadly the generalization holds good that, because of lack of trained personnel and technicians, the products of newly industrialized countries are of relatively low quality, and this is especially true of what are called 'consumer goods', the myriad articles to be seen in the shops. For as a body of scientists and skilled men is slowly built up, these are steered first of all into the basic or fundamental industries, such as engineering and heavy chemicals, and into the production of munitions of war. Hence the policy of older industrialized countries should be to concentrate on quality, which

involves concentration on maintaining and strengthening their lead in pure and applied science, which in our case is a very long one. And there is another point which earlier experience has taught us. The industrialization of any country means a great development of its urban population, and townfolk always have a higher standard of life than peasantry, with a demand for a wide choice of goods in the shops, and for choice within a wide range of quality.

But all this is only to say that if we exercise due foresight, and apply our energy in the right direction, the present trend towards an industrialized, urbanized world need not alarm us beyond measure. Nevertheless the immense scale on which we have to operate, with 50,000,000 lives at stake, is the crux of the matter. It takes about £70 a head of foreign trade to keep us going, and more and more this will come to be exchanging things that people can do without at a pinch for things that we absolutely cannot do without. If only we could find a way of mining more of our plentiful coal! For it is very certain that until atomic energy is generally available many of the newly industrialized countries will be needing coal as badly as we need food. Quite apart from that, there is (so experts say) still under-employment of science and scientists in this country. There is no doubt, of course, that the scientist can make mistakes, arising from lack of broad experience leading to errors of judgment. Our scientific training tends to be too narrow and specialized, so that the man of science is too little the man of the world, too little the man of affairs. But over against the scientist never outside his laboratory stands an even more dangerous figure, that of the administrator and business executive in whose education science has played no part; for owing to the intellectual divorce between science and the 'humanities' it is in the hands of such men that the direction of our national energies chiefly lies. As a great scientist recently said, the 'arts' man and the economist look at science as a philistine looks uncomprehendingly at a modern work of art. He may pay it lip-service, because it is fashionable to do so, but in his heart of hearts he thinks it a lot of bunk or at best greatly overrated. This is a very wasteful state of affairs, as wasteful of energy (by misdirection) as a badly fired boiler. The country simply can't afford it if the gap between energy potential and active productivity is to be closed. And it must be closed—unless we are prepared to live for ever on potatoes.

Londoners' London

by H. DENNIS JONES

We published in August and September 1950 two articles by Mr Jones on Amsterdam, where they were the object of much favourable press comment. We hope that Londoners, in the mood of self-examination induced by the Festival, will receive with equal interest and appreciation the following analysis of their 'home town'; and a complementary description of themselves, to appear in June

WHEN I was a boy of ten I lived in Clapham, not far from the Common. Pocket-money being in those days as strictly rationed as meat is today, I often had to walk to South Kensington—about three-and-a-half miles each way—if I wanted to enjoy the free delights of the Science and Victoria and Albert Museums. This walk, originally designed to bring me to these treasures by the only means of locomotion available, soon became an end in itself. For I was completely carried away by the variety of districts through which I had to pass. First came the area round the Common, with its occasional glimpses of Georgian elegance and peaceful rusticity; then a street or two of those little two-storied, red-brick, bow-windowed terrace houses whose main characteristic is an overpowering, deadening characterlessness; and after that the extraordinary cleavage of Lavender Hill. For immediately beyond this main road one entered a totally different world, treeless and consisting entirely of small, square, yellow-brick houses built in long straight rows, quite as ugly as those on the other side of Lavender Hill yet with a decided personality of their own. Then on to either Battersea Bridge or Albert Bridge. I rarely crossed the Thames by Chelsea Bridge, for a great feature of this journey—the great feature, in fact—was the thrill of seeing Cheyne Walk. I do not know why, but in those days the tall, red buildings seemed incredibly strange and exotic.

Although by the time I was ten I had already lived in Mauritius, Bombay and several English counties I always returned from this walk across London feeling like a traveller who has been to far-off, exciting lands. It was not merely that some houses and some districts were richer than others, which is the case in most towns. I knew, even then, from other journeys made on foot to Stockwell, Tooting, Wimbledon, Brixton, Richmond and so on that there were many other districts, just as rich and just as poor, which were nevertheless totally different from those I saw on my way to and from South Kensington. It was this variety of character

which fascinated me. And now that I have explored much more of London's inexhaustible "multiplicity of dwellings" (to use Dr Johnson's phrase) I realize more clearly than ever that almost every region of London, except for a few that are genuinely characterless, has a quality and an atmosphere all its own.

To speculate on how this variegation arose is another unending delight. One knows that London, in its expansion through the centuries, has overgrown a number of villages, some of which have survived in more or less their original form and character, though now surrounded by acre upon acre of bricks and mortar instead of by open fields. Such village nuclei can be seen in Kew, Hampstead, Dulwich, Highgate, Richmond, Chiswick and elsewhere. Other districts, however, have acquired *their* particular qualities almost entirely through the good taste, the ambition, or even the plain greed of the architects, builders, financiers or landowners who put them up. Stately Belgravia, for example, is essentially the work of Cubitt, and Ladbroke Grove is a product of unusually good taste on the part of James Ladbroke and his architect, Thomas Allom, combined with the racketeering greed of the various builders and speculators into whose hands the area and its half-built houses passed in the late 1850s.

In some cases the houses have clearly imposed their characters on the inhabitants. If you have ever lived in one of those little two-storied, bow-windowed houses I used to see in Clapham, or in a semi-detached, run up by a 'spec' builder between the wars on an estate in the outer suburbs consisting entirely of mirror-twin structures, you will know how difficult it is to preserve yourself from the mentality which these areas engender. In the same way it is almost impossible to avoid throwing your chest out just a little further and feeling that the world is, after all, a wider and brighter place if you so much as walk through Belgrave Square.

But in other areas, again, it is the inhabitants who have conditioned the houses.



All photographs by the author

(Above) *The smoke and dirt of Bermondsey contrasts strikingly with the cleanliness of a housing estate beside the Kingston By-Pass Road. But which of the areas looks the more friendly, human and happy?*





Four of the many delightful villages that London has engulfed are shown on these two pages. Thames-side Richmond (above) is still a popular resort on sunny days, when Londoners flock there to picnic under the shade of the trees in its parks or by the water's edge, while (below) Church-street, Chiswick provides a striking contrast with later building, for it is surrounded by one of London's dreariest districts



(Right) Like Richmond and Chiswick, Holly Hill, Hampstead, also reflects in its houses and layout an atmosphere belonging essentially to the more spacious days before the coming of the industrial age. (Below) Whitechapel High Street, however, although completely rebuilt and urbanized since the 18th century, is still really a village. By day it is submerged in the flow of London's trade and traffic, but after dark, when little knots of young men and girls drift in and out of numerous neon-lit snack-bars, it is clearly the centre of a purely local life and looks even more like a village high street

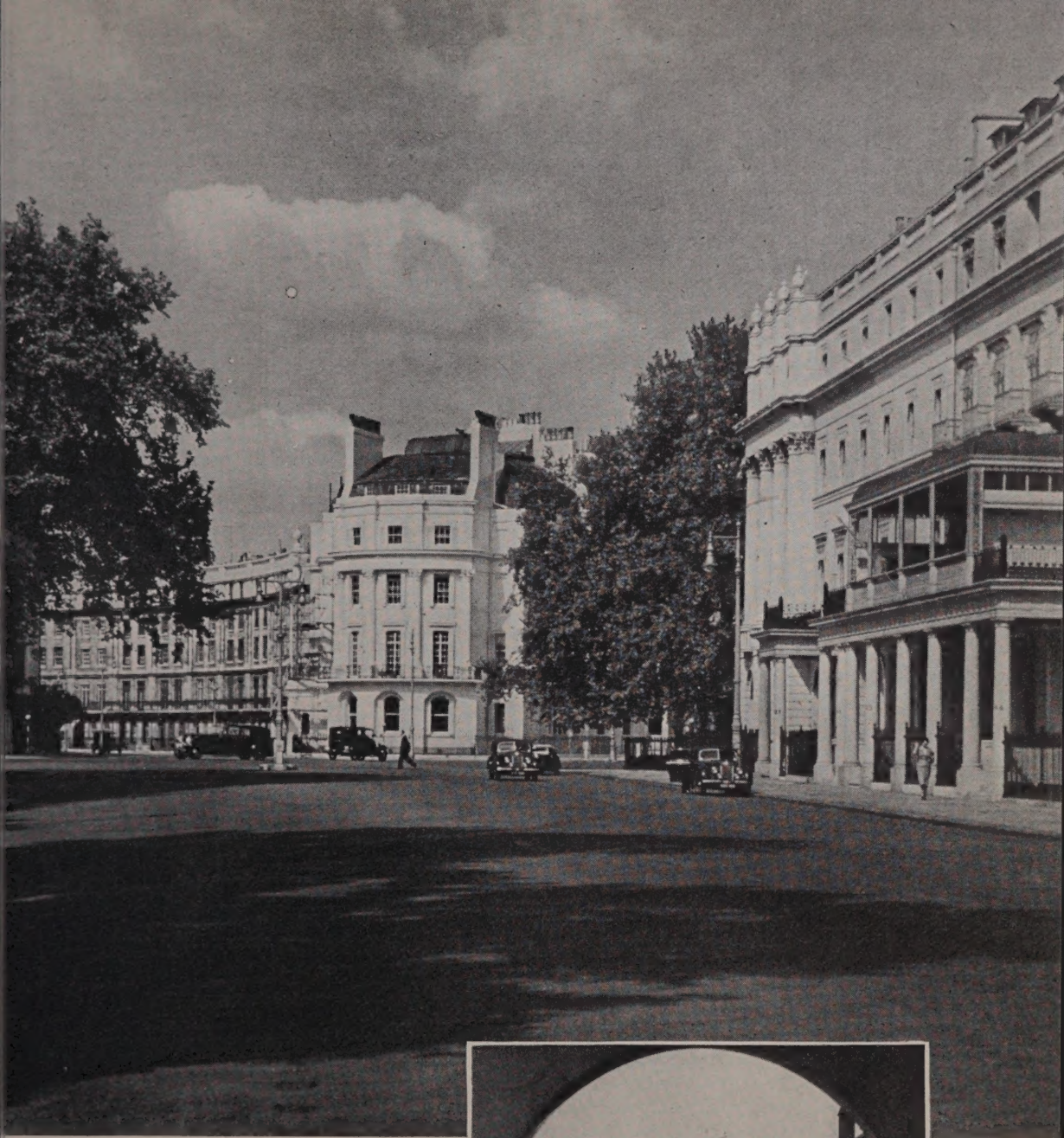




The imposing houses of Mayfair (left), once London's most expensive residential district, are now largely given over to offices and flats. But, here and there, one can still sense the grandeur of the days when the landed families kept luxurious town houses and 'Society' entertained on a lavish scale. 'Society' of the period when this street was built was a select and closed circle. Its houses show a sense of neighbourliness lacking elsewhere, except in the old villages and the poorest quarters of London

A hundred years ago men praised the "palaces of Paddington"—well-built houses intended for City clerks, substantial shopkeepers and the like. But when the Great Western Railway was being built large numbers of Irish labourers moved into part of North Paddington. Today, many streets look as ill-kept as is (right) Bourne Terrace. It is a region where some housewives, such as the woman in the picture, habitually wear bedroom slippers in the streets. A sense of community and neighbourliness is almost completely lacking in the disposition of the houses here





For over a hundred years Belgravia, the area round Belgrave Square (above), has hardly altered—except that many mews, originally stables with rooms for the coachmen above, each behind the master's house, are now, as (right), in Eccleston Mews converted to pleasant private dwellings or flats and garages





Although built in terrace fashion, the houses of Muswell Hill have been designed to look 'detached'. Each little garden, too, is cut off from its neighbours by thick, well-tended hedges, many too tall to look over

Nothing is more striking than the different atmospheres surrounding exactly the same styles of Georgian architecture according to whether they are in Hampstead, St Marylebone, Richmond or Soho—that is, according to the types of people who live, or have lived, in them.

This interaction between people and homes is only one of the many causes which have combined to separate London into districts that are almost countries on their own. Explore the areas that lie on either side of Edgware Road from Marble Arch to Edgware and you will have seen almost a dozen different nations. Take a trip across London in any direction—avoiding the trunk roads, of course—and you will get the same impression. In some cases the frontiers are clearly marked—the railway line between Belgravia and Pimlico, for example—in others one area merges into the next. But the differences are obvious.

This similarity to countries goes a good

deal further than the mere 'atmosphere' of the different districts. In many cases the regions have their own 'capitals'. When I was in the Army a fellow-Londoner asked me where I lived. I replied, rather evasively, because I did not particularly want him turning up on my doorstep while we were on leave: "Central London". "Whodger mean 'Central Lunnon'?" he replied, "Dger mean th' Yelephant?" and I could only conclude that to him Elephant and Castle really *was* the centre of London. When you know London well you can even differentiate the bus routes by the people they carry. A more tangible 'national' characteristic is the fact that the school-children of South London are always, on average, heavier and taller than those of the East End, despite even the dietetic

equality of post-war rationing.

To the non-Londoner this division of the town into separate 'nations' may seem odd. But to the Londoner it is perfectly natural. This is *his* London—very different from that of the tourist—and he finds nothing strange in G. K. Chesterton's vision in *Napoleon of Notting Hill*, of London disintegrating into warring states. Not only is London divided into districts that are 'different'; every person also feels, consciously or unconsciously, that both he himself and all his fellow-Londoners can be accurately allocated to a district or districts according to their interests, occupations, and social castes. Quite often when I give people my address they say: "Why do you live *there*? A fellow like you ought to live in Hampstead or Chelsea". Similarly, when I suggested to a plumber friend of mine that he could find a house or flat in a particular district of Hampstead he said: "Nah, people like me don't live there", and refused to consider the

On the other hand, the homes of Ivy Walk, Hoxton, form a real and obvious community. Jerry-built houses, mostly put up before 1850, they have become bright with paint and polish since poverty largely disappeared

idea further. One important result of this differentiation is that the Londoner no longer has much London-consciousness. He thinks of himself as coming from Hammersmith, Hackney or Hoxton and he probably takes some interest in his borough's affairs, but little, if any, in those of the London County Council.

Apart from these innumerable horizontally-stratified and socially-delimited districts, there are also an extraordinary number of vertical divisions. The little Jewish tailor from Hackney, for instance, may well aspire to own a villa in Golders Green as soon as he makes good, but a normal Chelsea artist or a denizen of Bermondsey would sooner think of moving to Australia than settling in such a house and such a district. In short, so rigidly classified are our London regions that we are apt to think of everything except our own area as being either unspeakable or unattainable. The result is a lack of natural, sociable communication between districts which has wrought havoc in the life of the town. The docker sees only dockland and thinks that everyone outside it is a queer fish. People who live beyond the docks rarely venture into those parts and consequently think that all dockers are strange—and therefore wild—animals.

This gulf, or rather series of gulfs, is infinitely more marked in London than in any other city I know, and one unfortunate result has been that a great deal of real value and interest has been neglected in London. The bricks and mortar of the town are only too well studied; but as things which somehow exist almost completely apart from the inhabitants of the town. How anyone can study London's Georgian architecture, for instance, without making his starting-point the spirit and character of the people who built those



houses and for whom they were built, is beyond me. Towns are fundamentally collections of *people*, and if only we could make people instead of bricks the beginning of our thinking about towns I am sure we should be far better off in many respects—and not least in town-planning.

Consider, for example, the fine independence of such districts as the East End and the Southwark-Borough-Elephant-Kennington-Waterloo Road region "across the water", as the Cockneys say. If I had to pick a body of men for some desperate and dangerous enterprise I should choose a few dour Northerners and Scots, but the bulk would certainly come from these two areas of London. Why? Because I know that I could easily find thousands of men there who, without further training, would be quite capable of looking after themselves and their companions as well in even the most impossible situations. This is not the case with areas at a similar social and financial level in other English

towns, nor is it even true of London as a whole. If you want to see at a glance what the East End spirit means in practice, just walk through Whitechapel, Poplar, Stepney and so on and see how well-painted and well-kept nearly every tiny house is now that real poverty has virtually disappeared. The change from before the war is astonishing, and again largely peculiar to certain areas of London. Another point of interest is that these areas, apart from the capacity shown by the inhabitants for looking after themselves, are also those which are most communal and village-like in their human relationships. A Post Office counter-clerk who worked for a few months in the Waterloo Road area was astonished at the friendliness shown her. In fact, she said, it became embarrassing. And when she walked down the Cut (off Waterloo Road) seven years later, so far from having forgotten her, the local people greeted her like an old friend. But what is this spirit due to? My own opinion is that these districts have preserved a great deal of their pre-Industrial Revolution traditions—not in their buildings, perhaps, but certainly in their human relations.

Now the worst of the sins committed by the Industrial Revolution was that it destroyed our appreciation of human dignity and human values. In the towns the 'industrious classes' were herded together like animals; the only thing of value they were able to preserve was their tradition of living not as individuals or even as families but as organic communities. The rest of the population strove always to differentiate themselves from their neighbours and to make themselves appear better and wealthier. Hence the exaggerated differences of ornament and the separateness of their houses. The result was a gradual break-up of what for brevity's sake I refer to as 'human group' living, and the introduction of the ideal of aloofness, the 'I-keep-myself-to-myself-and-don't-know-the-neighbours' attitude. Today, extraordinary contrasts are to be seen in London between districts where one knows instinctively that the whole street forms a natural community and those where the houses, though just as tightly packed, show clear signs, in the form of ridiculously high hedges and fences and so on, of their occupants' determination to remain aloof and separate. In fact London can easily and neatly be divided into districts whose inhabitants flock, like starlings, to Southend on Bank Holidays or those whose denizens would never even consider such an outing. And the difference is quite apparent in their homes.

What London desperately needs is a return to the sociable spirit of pre-industrialization days. Ever since the town began to expand so hugely to meet industry's requirements there have been outcries against its size. But is size alone really a fault? My dream of a future London is of a vast area consisting entirely of districts as attractive, charming and characterful as, say, Strand-on-the-Green, and the older parts of Richmond, Hampstead, and Kew. For these villages of the pre-industrial age were as balanced and as harmonious in their architectural as in their human relationships. Surely the point to be noted is that unlike so many later quarters of London they were built for human beings' needs and not to suit the convenience of factory-owners and other industrialists, nor yet merely to make quick profits for builders and speculators, nor to boost the occupants' own ideas of self-importance.

A firm basis for the restoration of sociability exists in the collective consciousness which almost every area has of being different from all the others. But what is actually being done? Over half of London the L.C.C. is dropping hideous blocks of flats, set in artificial, asphalted deserts which are not only destroying every characteristic, good and bad alike, of the areas they deface but are also in themselves about as characterful and inspiring as the Peabody Estates of the last century. All sorts of plans have been published by the L.C.C., I know, but they give me the impression of having been wonderfully devised to suit everything except the people who will have to live there.

Of course, other types of development are planned—'neighbourhoods', for example. But the curious thing about these is that they usually start out by breaking down, often through the actual style of houses built, the natural 'human group' spirit of the people who will live there. A docker made an illuminating remark to me once. He said: "These 'ere prefabs are so far apart yer can't even see who yer neighbours are". Small wonder that so many East-Enders detest the new estates—so hygienic, so sterile, so separate!—to which they have been moved.

Basically, the trouble is that this planning is being imposed on the Southend-goers by non-Southend-goers ignorant of their habits and character. The 'countries' of London may be fascinating to visit, but if only more inter-communication existed between them! Even formal diplomatic relations, one feels, have still to be established: an item that our social engineers might well put on their agenda.